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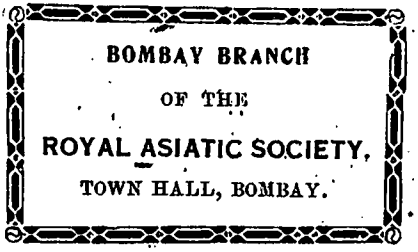

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THE

MILITARY SKETCH-BOOK.

VOL. I.

IN THE PRESS.

THE LANCERS.

IN THREE VOLUMES

LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET.

THE

MILITARY SKETCH-BOOK.

REMINISCENCES OF

SEVENTEEN YEARS IN THE SERVICE

ABROAD AND AT HOME.

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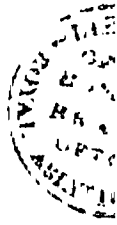
BY AN OFFICER OF THE LINE.

"The wight can tell
A melancholy and a merry tale
Of field, and fight, and chief, and lady gay."



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1827.

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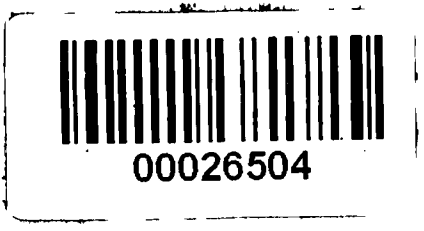

In presenting these Sketches to the public, the Author begs leave to say, that although, in their production he sometimes indulged his imagination, fancy has only been employed to decorate truth. Facts form the ground-work of his book; and although the ornaments may have been carelessly or tastelessly placed, real incidents have neither been obscured nor distorted.

To the gentleman who supplied the Author with the necessary hints for the sketch entitled "*Mess Table Chat*, (*No.* IV.)" and also to the gallant officer whose memory and kindness furnished him with the facts relative to the Bush-rangers of Van Diemen's Land, the Author returns his most sincere thanks.

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THE

MILITARY SKETCH-BOOK.

FIRST WEEK IN THE SERVICE.

"For now sits expectation in the air,
And *shews* a sword from hilt unto the point."

HENRY V.

NEVER shall I forget the delightful sensations my mind experienced on reading, in the long-expected *Gazette*, the announcement of my first military appointment. I was in London at the time, and had been residing three weeks at *Old Slaughter's* Coffee House, in St. Martin's Lane, deferring from Tuesday 'till Saturday, and from Saturday 'till Tuesday, the fulfilment of my mother's strict injunctions "*to take lodgings and*

live economically," when one evening the waiter handed to me, damp from the press, the official sheet which was to terminate all my anxiety. There I was in print,—in *absolute print;* and that, too, in the GAZETTE—by the King's Royal Authority!

There are many youths, who, in such a situation, would, from the ecstatic impulse of their feelings, have upset the table; or have flung the decanter at the waiter's head; or, perhaps, have snatched the wig off the head of any respectable gentleman who might have happened to be sitting within reach; but I acted differently. Had it been an ordinary impulse of gladness, I should, no doubt, have poured forth my ebullition of pleasant feeling upon tables, decanters, waiters, and wigs of elderly gentlemen; but this was no every-day sensation,—no flash in the pan: it was a splendid coruscation, the intensity of which dazzled all my senses, and marvellously heightened my ideas of self-importance. The auditory organs of the Waterloo hero thrilled not more at the first announcement of his Grace's Dukedom, than mine,

as my lips pronounced the consummation of my almost wearied hopes—an Ensigncy. I was more than a Duke, more than a King, more than an Emperor: I was A SUBALTERN. In idea, I was already a Captain, a Colonel, a General! I gave the reins to my enthusiastic imagination, and would not, I believe, have exchanged my commission for a coronet.

I instantly brought my body to an acute angle with my inferior extremities, by placing the latter longitudinally on the seat of the box in which I had placed myself, and, elevating my shirt-collar to a parallel line with my nose, ordered the waiter to bring me a bottle of claret. For the half hour I was engaged in drinking it, I continued to gaze at the Gazette, to the no small mortification of several fidgetty gentlemen who were waiting for a sight of it. Yet all I read, and all I could read, was "W****, A****, B***. *Gent. to be Ensign, vice Thompson, killed in action!*"

I was just turned of nineteen, a well grown and somewhat precocious lad, generally considered by my father and his friends as a shrewd and well-disposed fellow, who was likely one day or other

to cut a figure in the army; but, by my mother and her female côterie, (all above the middle age,) I was set down, *nem. con.*, as an arch wild dog, on whom a little military discipline would be by no means thrown away; for I was a second son, and my mother, although affectionate enough, did not evince towards me that strength—or, more properly speaking, that *weakness*—of maternal fondness which she lavished on my elder brother, (her favourite,) who was specially designed for the pulpit by her and her devout advisers. My own opinion of my disposition was about half-way between that of my father and mother. I never, to my knowledge, did much harm, except occasionally hoaxing our parson and apothecary; or operating a few nocturnal exchanges of signs* between barbers, pawnbrokers, inn-keepers, and undertakers; or perhaps an occasional shot at a villager's cat. But the best cannot please every body; and even in the case of their own fathers and mothers, young

* The practical joke of changing signs from one house to another, well nigh cost some officers of infantry their lives, some years ago, in the good city of Bath.

fellows experience different opinions upon their merits. However, this I knew—that I pleased myself: I was backed by an indulgent father, health, spirits, and plenty of money; so, in military phrase, I may say that I was ready primed for mischief, and did not care a doit for the devil.

When I had finished my bottle, and tolerably satisfied myself with repeating over and over the terms of my appointment, in a semi-audible tone, I sallied forth. It was a fine evening in the beginning of July 1809, and town was crammed with military men in *mufti*. They had, as it seemed to me, even in plain clothes, an air peculiarly striking; and it excited at once my delight and envy to see them stared at by all; but particularly by the ladies, whose glances, to me, from my earliest age, were always bewitching in the extreme. I burned to mingle in the glory, and to share with my *now* brother-officers, the smiles of the fair; but my sun-burned drab coat, with broad buttons, together with my slouched hat, white Windsor-cord breeches and top-boots, presented an odious barrier to my hopes and desires. O for a military tailor!—

"That great enchanter, at whose rod's command,
Beauty springs forth, and nature's self turns paler;
Seeing how art can make her work more grand,
When she don't pin men's limbs in like a jailor."

Of course, I soon found one. My first few paces in the Strand brought me in front of a shop-window, within which were profusely displayed braided coats, epaulettes, sword-knots, and brass heel-spurs. I could no more have passed it, without entering, than could the camel of the desert a clear and gushing spring without dipping his nostrils into it. Although particularly directed, both by my father and mother, to order my regimentals from our family tailor, I immediately proceeded to the man of measures, who, at first, eyed me in a careless, tooth-picking sort of way; but when he learned the nature and purport of my visit, he became the most polite and complaisant of tailors.

"I'm an Ensign in the army," said I, "and I want a suit of uniform for the —th regiment of the line."

"Thank you, *Captain*," replied he, bowing and fidgetting, "I am much obliged to you, *Captain*, for the order; and I can assure you, *Captain*, that I can furnish you with every article of regi-

mentals, of a superior quality, and at the shortest notice—*Captain.*"

Although I was somewhat disgusted at the first appearance of inattention discovered by the tailor to a man of my rank, (for I thought any body could see I was an officer in the army, even through my sun-burnt coat,) yet his subsequent politeness, and even obsequiousness, joined to my anxiety to put on regimentals for the first time—but, above all, his dubbing me "*Captain,*" at once determined me to order my appointments from him. I soon concluded the business; my regimentals, complete, were to be ready and on my table at 12 o'clock the following day. Scarlet coat, with swallow tail, yellow facings, white pantaloons, silver lace epaulette, sword, sword-knot, sword-belt, and all, except hat, feather, and boots. But for present purposes, what was to be done? I felt that I ought to have something for *that* evening to distinguish my rank. A fine braided military frock was hung up at the tailor's door, on which I seized, and forthwith jumped into it.

"Let me assist you, *Captain,*" said the tailor. "There—what a fit! It was made for Colonel

Mortimer, of the Dragoons. Let me button it up to the neck, *Captain.* There—may I never cut a coat, but it is a superb article, Captain; and as cheap at twelve pounds, as my shears for a penny."

There was no looking-glass in the shop, and therefore I could not positively be certain as to the truth of what Snip asserted with regard to the "fit." I must confess, however, that I suspected a wrinkle or two across the shoulders, and the waist was not quite so tight as I could have wished: but then this coat was the only one in the shop; and, as it was too late to look for another, I resolved to keep it on; for, to have given up that night's exhibition of my military importance in the throng at the West-End of the town, would have been an act of self-denial, more becoming a member of the Abbey of *La Trappe,* than an ensign of one of His Majesty's regiments of the line. Accordingly, I paid the twelve pounds, which produced a double volley of complimentary "*Captains*" from the tailor, and having been again assured that my regimentals should be punctually sent home next day, I departed.

Whether it arose from the hurry in which I was

to launch my first military coat among the loungers that swelled the passages about Leicester Square, Piccadilly, Bond Street, and St. James's, or whether it was from a lack of knowledge of the etiquette of military costume, I do not now recollect; but certain it is, that I quite overlooked the necessity of providing for the nether portion of my person articles of dress corresponding with those which decorated my upper half. When I think of the figure I must have cut, I blush, even to this hour. Yet I know not why I should blush. I am now about seventeen years older, and my vision shows me everything with a far different aspect from what it wore at nineteen. Yet happiness has not increased with years; and objects, although now more perfect to my sight, have lost their former delightful colouring. Perhaps it may be better that eyes thus change their power, and that boys are neither philosophers nor men of the world; if they were, where would be the enviable sweetness of boyhood —that freshness of life, which makes youth laugh at futurity, and which the wisest sage cannot retrospectively contemplate without a sigh?

But to my subject. I proceeded along the

Strand, Cockspur Street, Haymarket, and Piccadilly, to the Green Park promenade, with an air of importance perfectly consistent with the occasion: and that my new attire produced a change in the countenances of the crowd was manifest. To my great delight all eyes were on me—every body turned to look after me as I passed; but when I got into the Green Park, and was surrounded by its elegant evening loungers, the remarks made upon me became very insulting: these, however, I set down to the account of envy in the men, and a spirit of flirtation in the ladies. Six or eight fellows of *ton* followed me in line along the parade, admiring, and *envying* (as I then thought), the beauty of my braided frock; but, I now believe, with no other view but that of quizzing the oddity of my appearance.—And such an appearance—such incongruity of dress never presented itself in the Green Park either before or since that memorable evening. Had I been downright *shabby-genteel* (as the phrase is) I might have escaped; but every article upon me was new, "spick and span." —A highly expensive military coat, of the most abominable fit, down to my ankles, and as wide as a sentry-box, white cord breeches, yellow top-

boots, cross-barred Marseilles waistcoat, white cravat, and a most incorrigibly new *woolly* hat! But the braiding on the coat I thought covered, like charity, a multitude of offences; and I, myself, could see no impropriety whatever in my "turn out." The line of coxcombs continued to follow, but never ventured to address me directly: they kept up a sort of hedge-fire, which, I confess, a good deal galled me; but, as I said before, if I had not then thought their remarks sprung from pure envy, one or two of them should have gone headlong into the pond by which we walked.

"He 's a griffin," said one.

"Perhaps he 's a golok."

"Not at all," said another; "the gentleman's a *heron* just *bagged*."

"He belongs to the first regiment of *light buldhoons*," muttered a third.

"My life on't, Tom, you're wrong," rejoined one of the critics; "I 'll bet any of you a dozen of Champaigne that he is a *thorough-bred horse-marine;* you may see that by his jockey boots."

Thus they went on at intervals during several turns on the walk. All this time my angry feel-

ings were forcibly getting the better of my judgment, and I began to experience a strong desire to come to the point with these gentlemen, and to show them that I was neither a griffin, nor a golok, a heron, nor a horse-marine, but an Ensign in the regular service of his Majesty.

I immediately determined on addressing them; and, in a very few moments, had an opportunity of doing so; for the whole line, arm-in-arm, on our next meeting, attempted to surround me; at which moment I fixed upon the individual who had been most forward in his observations upon me, and a scene of complete confusion followed. I demanded an exchange of cards, but he declined with a sneer, and a horse laugh rung from his companions. I found myself beset on all sides with such a clamour, that I could not have made a word heard, even if I had attempted to do so through a speaking-trumpet.

It was evident that I had no chance of obtaining satisfaction. My assertion that I was an officer in the army was only treated with contempt; and I had no means of finding out the address of any one of my opponents.

I was in the midst of this disagreeable rencontre, when an elderly gentleman, whose weather-beaten front and military air convinced me that he belonged to "the cloth," took me by the arm, and, leading me aside, asked whether I was really an officer in the service? On my answering in the affirmative, he replied, "I know the young men you disputed with; so make yourself easy, Sir. Walk this way, and let me have your address. I have been an eye-witness of the affair, and you shall have satisfaction to-morrow, I promise you."

I instantly gave the gentleman my card, thanking him warmly at the same time for the kindness with which he seemed to treat me. He then requested me to retire, and assured me that he would certainly be with me next morning.

I proceeded to my hotel, on the whole not displeased, considering that there was some importance attached to the adventure, and that I had something like a duel already on my hands, although but one day in the service. The idea of a newspaper paragraph setting forth an affair of honour between Ensign B—— of the Line, and Mr. So-and-So, of So-and-so, with a challenge,

dated from SLAUGHTER'S *Coffee House*,—an address peculiarly military at that time,—was by no means a displeasing source of reflection; and although I occasionally read myself a different version of the said paragraph, in which the words "*mortally wounded*" took up an unpleasant position, I slept soundly and dreamt delightfully.

Next morning I was up early, determined to have all things arranged *comme il faut* before the arrival of my volunteer friend, who was to manage matters for me. The first thing I did was to send for an engraver, in order to have my card-plate prepared, with my *rank* properly displayed thereon. This I managed to have executed in one hour, on condition of paying five shillings *extra* for dispatch; although the *brazen* artizan told me at first his orders were so "*numerous*" that he *feared* he could not get the plate done for three days: but a *crown* has often wonderful effect in altering the minds of people.

Forty cards, duly printed, were on my breakfast-table at half-past nine o'clock, and I think I had almost as much pleasure in reading my rank upon

them, as I experienced the evening before in seeing it in the Gazette.

My expected visitor soon entered the room where I was at breakfast, and by his manner I perceived that he was just as warm and determined in my behalf as he was the previous evening. Perfectly frank with me, he inquired into the nature of my family connexions, my age, how long had I been in the service, and other matters. Having satisfied himself upon certain points, he requested me to accompany him to ———, in St. James's Street, whither we immediately proceeded.

The waiter showed us into a private room, and my conductor asked if Mr. * * * *, was yet up. On being informed that he was, and at breakfast, my friend expressed his wish to see him. The waiter withdrew, and returned in a few minutes, with an answer that Mr. * * * * was sorry he could not be seen for an hour. Upon this, my friend drew forth a card, and desired that it should be given to him immediately; observing, that he wished *particularly* to see him. The waiter obeyed; and had not been out of the room

two minutes, when all the bells in the house seemed to have been set in motion, and the servants began to run to and fro about the lobbies, as if they had all been under the influence of the laughing gas.

Thinks I to myself, the card has had a good effect: and I thought rightly; for in a moment the door of our apartment opened, and the most polite and powdered valet imaginable bowed himself into our presence, to inform us that Mr. * * * * would wait upon us immediately. Scarcely had he bowed himself out again, when Mr. * * * * himself, the very man I had singled out the night before, entered.

His demeanour was now completely changed, and his air subdued; the fire of his insolence had burnt out, and a placid ray of the purest sunshine of good humour beamed from his gentlemanly countenance. The very honey of politeness was on his tongue, as he uttered the introductory words, "*General*, I hope I have not kept you waiting?" By the bye, my importance was not a little swelled on hearing the rank of my friend; yet my gratitude, I felt, swelled

higher; for, in proportion to the rank I found him to hold, I felt my sense of his kindness* increase.

The General, when all the parties were seated, carelessly threw his right leg across his left knee, and thus addressed Mr. ****: "I have called upon you, Sir, not officially, but as a private individual, in which light I request to be received; and my object in calling, is to demand a satisfactory adjustment of an affair which occurred yesterday evening in the Green Park, in which you took a very prominent part. This is the gentleman, whose feelings you and your companions trifled with so freely on that occasion. Like yourself, he is an officer in the service, and entitled to its privileges and the support of its members. I was an eye-witness of the scene; and, during the many

* For a long time, the Author of this sketch has sought an opportunity of expressing his gratitude to the gallant General above alluded to; but has never had that opportunity, from having been always employed on a service different from that in which he commenced. The Author now avails himself of the present occasion, publicly to acknowledge his sense of the paternal kindness he received in the affair alluded to; and trusts, that should these pages meet the General's eye, he will consider this note as a token of the Author's gratitude.

years I have been in the army, I never saw a more wanton insult passed by one officer upon another, than was inflicted upon this unoffending young gentleman last night, by you and your party. I am an old officer, Mr. * * * *, and would wish to prevent quarrelling as much as possible; but in this case an ample apology must be made to this young officer, or he must have another kind of satisfaction."

At the conclusion of this address, my opponent put on the most *engaging* smile; and, offering his opened gold snuff-box to the General, replied, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words:— "I assure you, General, we had been swallowing '*the enemy*' last night pretty freely, and as freely did he '*steal away our brains*,' as our immortal Shakspeare says. We were perfectly *ambrosial*, General—three bottles a man, exclusive of Champagne; and, 'pon my honour, I have but a very faint recollection of what occurred between your friend and us. However, I—a—rather suspect we were rude; but quite unintentionally so, I assure you, General,—had not the slightest idea of any thing in the world but good-humour.

Sir, (addressing himself to me,) I beg you will accept my apology. You must, my dear Sir, give me your hand: you shall dine with us to-day,—you must indeed,—six precisely. We take no excuse."

There was such an air of frank good-nature in this apology, that both the General and myself were highly pleased, and about to express ourselves to that effect, when Mr. * * * * ran out of the room, calling out "Sir John!"—"Captain Jackson!"—"Williams!"—"Smith!"—and God knows how many names more; and in a moment returned with the identical posse that had attacked me the evening before, each of whom were introduced to us by Mr. * *.* *, and apologized to me as he had done,—a circumstance which appeared to please the General as much as it delighted me.

Thus ended all unpleasant feelings on the matter; and we sat together for about an hour, during which time the General gave us his opinions on the laws of honour, commenting on the impropriety of their violation by officers in the army in particular. Indeed, by what fell from his lips, on that morning, as well as by his conduct in

my affair, I am convinced that he was a highly prudent man, who was brave but inoffensive. Had the business been taken up by a hot-headed fire-eating subaltern or Captain, who possessed but a smattering of the laws of honour, I am convinced that a duel must have been the consequence; but instead of taking a "*message*," or directing me to send one, the General first sought an *explanation*, knowing that the offenders did not believe, from the oddity of my appearance, that I was what I wished to be considered; and that it was only necessary to make them sensible of their error, to end the matter satisfactorily.

We separated: the General went to Bath, and I returned to my hotel in St. Martin's Lane. I declined the invitation to dinner which I had received from my apologizing friends; but we nevertheless continued thenceforward on very good terms.

The first thing that greeted my eyes, when I re-entered my hotel, was my suit of regimentals, which the tailor had just laid down at full length upon the table. Never did I behold so beautiful —so ravishing a sight! The coat like silk—*scarlet* silk; the pantaloons blue as the sky—ethereal blue;

the epaulette and lace as bright as the sun—or twenty suns! Price! what was the price to me? I paid the tailor, directly, a part and portion of the price of the suit; he was only waiting (as he said) to fit the articles on; but (as *I* now think) to receive the amount of his bill—as every prudent tailor ought in such cases to do. However, I cared not about matters of pounds, shillings, and pence: my ideas were upon the *intellectual* enjoyments of my ensigncy—the glory of my new rank; and tailors or tailors' bills were of no consideration, except as mere mechanical instruments to raise me to my then state of mental elevation. I now only wanted the cocked hat, feather, sash, boots, gloves, sword, and sword-belt, which to procure I knew must absorb at least an hour, or perhaps two, of my valuable time. I therefore requested the tailor (having first paid his bill) to send them to me, which he most willingly promised to do: and he kept his word; for in ten minutes I was in possession of the articles, for which also he was paid. Another ten minutes passed, and I was "armed *cap-à-pie*," elegantly fitted—a perfect prodigy of beauty—in my own accommodating imagination!

It would be endless to describe the evolutions, the marches, and the countermarches, which I performed before the looking-glass that day. I nearly wore out my scabbard with drawing and sheathing my sword; I absolutely tarnished my epaulette by dangling the bullion of it, and the peak of my cocked hat was very much ruffled and crushed by practising my intended salutes to the ladies. I dined—in all the happiness of self-important solitude—in full uniform, and unshackled by the presence of strangers to interrupt my admiration of it. When did I enjoy such a day? Never. This was the climax of my hopes; I felt that I was *bona fide* an officer in the army.

After dinner I wrote short letters to my relations and friends, in which every event of the foregoing twenty-four hours was set forth in my very best style of description; and to each letter, signed with my rank in full, was appended a postscript, requesting the answers to be directed to "ENSIGN W*** A*** B*** *of His Majesty's —th Regiment of the Line, Old Slaughter's Coffee House, London.*" As most of the newspapers of that day contained the military promotions of the

night before, I ordered at least sixteen; all of which I enclosed, and sent among my friends at home, by post, that night, having first underlined with red ink the words "*Ensign W*** A*** B***, vice Thompson, killed in action,*" and put a cross in the margin opposite to the passage.

So little was I acquainted with the usages of London, as they regard officers in the army, that I absolutely went to the theatre that night dressed, as I had dined, in full uniform. I had been in the habit of seeing military officers from time to time, who had been quartered in my native town, dressed generally in their regimentals, not only in the street, but at the theatre and at private parties; and I could not suppose that in London, the capital city, and the head-quarters of the army, there was any other custom whatever observed among officers: on the contrary, I considered that, above all other cities, London was the place in which a man was bound to appear in all his glory.

If I was stared at in the Green Park the night before, I was still more so this night; but although I encountered the gaze and the sneers of hundreds,

yet nobody dared to insult me directly. The greatest nuisance was, that the box in which I took my seat was crammed almost to suffocation with the *fair* sex—so much so, that the whole pit stood up to observe us; and so tightly was I squeezed by these ladies, that not having room to display my figure and dress in a sufficiently graceful posture, I was obliged to sit upright, like a gentleman in a vapour-bath. And indeed the simile bears in another way upon the fact; for I felt all the sudorific effects of vapour-bathing, occasioned partly by the perfume of the ladies, partly by the eternal gaze of the spectators, and partly from the tightness of my stock, sash, and sword-belt. I found very soon that my situation was by no means enviable, and I accordingly removed from the box, to better myself by a walk in the saloon; but here I found matters still worse. I was in a moment surrounded by a myriad of damsels, and about as many dandies—the latter of whom became by far the most annoying. I was literally hustled to and fro without being able to keep my legs, while liberties of every description were taken with my dress: one plucked me by the skirts of my coat;

another half-drew my sword, while a third (a tall Irish *lady*) ran off with my cocked hat, to strut about in it, and burlesque my style of walking, &c. All this was done with the best possible humour on *their* parts, but as to *myself*,—I must confess, I was most particularly annoyed, though I found it of no use to appear so: therefore I laughed, or seemed to laugh with my persecutors, like Mirabel in the play. However, I found that a quiet retreat was the most advisable manœuvre, and accordingly seized a favourable opportunity of "bolting in double quick time" out of the theatre, amidst crowds of dirty link boys, who drew the attention of the whole world upon me with "*Coach, General*"—"*Noble Commander*"—"*Royal Highness*," and the rest, until I found myself absolutely wedged in by a throng of greasy ragamuffins, and the wonder of a hundred passers by. "O curse the regimentals! I wish I were in a sack," thought I, as I ploughed my way out of the crowd, which I had not distanced many yards, when I was assailed by dozens of drunken stragglers with "*heads up, sodger*,"—"*lobster, hoi!*" &c. and was at length absolutely jostled into the gutter by three impu-

dent cheesemongers, from Bread Street, Cheapside. The honour of the profession was fired; "D———— !" thought I, "is this fit treatment for one of his Majesty's Ensigns?" so seizing the nearest fellow by the collar, I pulled him, much against his will, over to a watchman, who stood within about a dozen yards of us, and gave him in charge to the man of corners, together with his two comrades, who had followed him closely.

"*Charge*, Chester, *charge*."

Three mouths now opened against me, and insisted on "charging" *me!* I thought of the dog of hell—the triple-headed monster—as they barked. My blood was boiling; I *ordered* the watchman to take them instantly to the watch-house, on pain of being next morning reported; but what was my indignation—my almost distraction, at finding the fellow altogether deaf to my command, although I was in *regimentals!* Instead of taking my assaulters to the judge of the night, he absolutely seized *me* by the collar, and as he forced me along, roared out something like the following:—

"Oh! by Jasus, man, yir not in the barracks now. Who cares about your ordthers? By my sowl! I'll tache you betther manners, though ya *have* a red coat upon ya; yar not to be salting the dacent people in the open sthreets. Is it becaise I've lost my eye in the sarvice, that you want to get the blind side o' me?"

"You infernal Cyclops!" returned I, "you cannot see plainly with the one that is left to you."

Remonstrance was useless. I put, not only my powers of speech in the fullest action, but also my powers of muscle: all in vain—four pair of arms pulling at one coat, are too much for any *body*. I was absolutely *trotted* off to the watch-house. Here I expected to obtain ample satisfaction for the injury I had sustained, and with this feeling addressed the "Commanding officer"—a fellow with a huge red-cabbage face, a pot of porter before him, a pipe in his hand, and a rabbit-skin cap on his greasy head. I told my story in very few words; but dwelt with "becoming warmth" upon the manner in which justice was administered by the men of lanterns and rattles, and concluded with a severe philippic against the watch department in

general. I demanded that the watchmen, as well as the three men who had caused the confusion, should be locked up forthwith. Whether it was my natural powers of speech, or my all powerful energy of voice and manner, which procured for me this hearing, I cannot tell—but I have to regret the privilege; for my address, so far from being relished by the constable, inclined him, I think, to lend a more favourable ear to my adversaries; and his bias inclined still more towards them, when they appealed to him as "*the representative of magistracy.*" In short, they had it all their own way, and old Dogberry, in accordance with the feelings excited in him, by abuse on the one side, and flattery on the other, declared against me.

"This here thing," said he, "is a conspiracy against these three respectable men, and that 'ere vatchman; but it 'ont do. You see, you comes and you 'tacks these here people a going to their perspective homes, as honest citizens should. What *are* you, gemmen?" (*To the cheesemongers.*)

"We are gentlemen in the city," replied the "spokesman" of the triumvirate.

"What 's your names?" inquired the constable.

"John Stilton," was the reply.

"John Stilton! eh! what—of *Green, Stilton, Mite, and Co.?*" exclaimed the constable.

"Yes, the same, and these two gentlemen are my partners."

The constabulary tobacco-pipe was now withdrawn from its office, and an additional importance diffused itself over the features of the presiding judge, as he recognized the firm of Messrs. Green, Stilton, Mite, and Company.

"I know the house well," said he; "and as spectable as any in the parish of Botolph. The commerce of London is not to be insulted by the milentary. So I tell ye vat, Master, (addressing me,) you must be locked up. Who *are* you? What 's your name?"

"Oh!" exclaimed one of the cheesemongers, "he 's a drum-major in the Wolunteers."

This was "the most unkindest cut of all;" it perfectly silenced me. The only reply I could make, was to throw down my card indignantly, which Dogberry took up, and after gazing gravely upon it, exclaimed, "He 's a Hinsign, I see: But if he was the *sarjeant-major* himself, he shall

not escape public contribution. I'll take care he's made a proper sample of; so now, gemmen, you are all at liberty to proceed to your peaceful homes, and leave this red-herring to be managed by me. I'll larn him, that he sha'n't come out of a night with his feathers, and his flipper flappers, and his red coat, to kick up a bobbery with the people. Ve dont vant sodgers in London—thank God! ve can do without 'em. Ve vant no mi-lentary govament here, my lad; and if you come amongst us, vy you must leave off your im-plements o' var, and behave like a spectacle abitant. The sodgers, I say, ought to be pulled up, for they are a'd—d impudent set; tickerly the guards: they try to come it over us ven-hever they have a tunity; but I'll let them know vhat's vhat, and larn them how to be-mean themselves. So here you stop, young man, for this here night."

At the conclusion of this constitutional ha-rangue, the cheesemongers departed, laughing at me in the most provoking manner. The morti-fication I felt, was indescribable. I threatened, stormed, and strutted, but all to no purpose;

I only received fresh insults. At last it was hinted to me by one of the watchmen, who was inclined to indulge in a little repose, that if I would send for a respectable housekeeper, I might be bailed; and though this kindness evidently arose from a wish to get rid of me, on account of the noise I created, I availed myself of the privilege, and immediately sent to the landlord of my hotel, who soon appeared, and I was liberated.

This evening's adventure gave me ample food for rumination, and I chewed my cud upon it half the night. I felt thoroughly ashamed of my folly, in having displayed my gaudy suit of regimentals, when I plainly perceived, that custom was so decidedly against it: but—*experientia docet.* I next morning locked up my uniform, and determined never to wear it, until I joined my regiment.

There has been a great deal said about the "*privileges*" of the City of London, in reference to the appearance of soldiers in its streets; and some, who rank high in the republic of letters, have spun out many fine periods upon the sub-

ject; but I must confess myself sceptical enough to think, that all this is "leather and prunella;" though, I maintain, that I am neither inimical to civil nor religious liberty. In despite of "liberal" cant, I must always opine, that the appearance of regimental uniforms in London, (so long as they are *British*,) can never either endanger the liberty of the subject, or disgrace the good people of the metropolis. I allow, that no officer of good sense or good taste would dress in regimentals, while sojourning in London, and absent from his regiment; but I cannot see why the inhabitants assume it as almost a *right*, to exclude the appearance of uniforms, if individuals in the service choose to wear them. The household troops, foot-guards, &c. on the King's duty, in London, appear in regimentals with impunity; but if an officer who is doing duty with his regiment, at Woolwich, or Deptford, or Hounslow, or any other place near London, has occasion to visit the metropolis, he must either go in plain clothes, or submit to ridicule, if he ventures to appear amongst the cockneys in his professional dress. Habit is a powerful master, and if this

intolerance of military and naval uniforms becomes a general prejudice, it cannot be fairly argued against; but when a metropolitan magistrate declares, in his public seat, that such uniforms must not appear in London, * there is something more than habit in it. Are the people of London afraid of officers belonging to their own regiments? This they cannot reasonably be, for such officers are subordinate to the civil power. Are they ashamed of them? This belief cannot be for a moment entertained; therefore, let there be no more talk of "privileges:" and if either duty or taste direct an officer to wear his uniform in the public places or streets of the metropolis, let him be scrutinized only by the same rule, that would guide our opinions upon the black gown of a lawyer or the shovel-hat of a clergyman.

Although reflections similar to these occupied me during the greater part of the night which gave occasion to them, yet the view I took of

* This alludes to a case in which the magistrate censured a midshipman for appearing in uniform in the streets. His worship said, that if the officer had business at the Admiralty, he might have gone there in uniform; but it was proper on no other occasion.

the matter at that time, was widely different from that which I now take; for I then thought, that the man who was entitled to wear a regimental uniform, should exhibit it on all occasions, even when *out shooting*. No man ever went to sleep more mortified and chagrined than I did, from my reflections on what had past. The thing had one good effect, however; which was, that it started me off from London, and thereby, perhaps, saved me from more sleepless nights. I went by coach next day to Brighton; and in six hours was at the head-quarters of my regiment.

I reported myself to the commanding officer, Colonel ——, who in the most cordial and frank manner, invited me to dine with him at the mess that day; sent for the Quartermaster, and settled me at once in my barrack-room. He next assigned to me a servant from the ranks, introduced me to all the officers of the regiment, and with one of the Captains took my arm, and walked out to show me the *lions* of Brighton. All this attention from the commanding officer, was duly appreciated by me. I felt already fascinated with my regi-

ment, and with good reason, for this commanding officer was very different in his conduct towards the junior officers, from many I have since had occasion to serve under. He was the father of his corps; of the most strict, impartial, and inflexible character in all matters of duty; but a friend and companion, without severity or unnecessary exactness when duty was done; he was, in short, a perfect model of the officer and the gentleman.

For two hours previous to dinner, that is to say, from four 'till six o'clock, I employed myself in going through a set of practical evolutions before my looking-glass, in full regimentals, and even when warned by the striking up of

"O the roast beef of old England,"

I had not quite concluded.

I proceeded to the mess-room, and was placed on the right hand of the Colonel, who that day happened to be president. Except on the announcement of my appointment in the Gazette, I never felt such exultation, as when I found myself seated at the mess-table, surrounded by about thirty officers: my appetite was completely gone; I took soup and almost every other thing offered me, but *tasted*

scarcely any thing except wine; indeed of this I partook pretty liberally, for every member of the table requested "*the honour*," &c. and in about one hour I had swallowed, on a rough calculation, about thirty half glasses of pale sherry—*ergo*, a full bottle.

Now were the pleasures of a regimental mess completely developed before me, and my mind most exquisitely prepared for the enjoyment of them, in which preparation my thirty half-glasses of sherry exerted not a little influence. The fine appearance of the officers, the splendour of the full-dress uniforms in the blaze of the wax lights, the excellence of the dinner, the attention of the servants, the merry and gentlemanly conversation of the party, the diversified beauty of the music from our band without, the whole crowned by the affability of our commanding officer, rendered the scene to a young military enthusiast the most delightful that can be imagined; and, indeed, to any military man, what can be a more charming place than the mess-room of a united corps of officers? It is the home, the *happiest* home, perhaps, of its members; and its en-

joyments serve to compensate for the rougher endurances of a military life. In a properly regulated mess, indeed, the very best enjoyments of refined society are to be found.

The wine went round, I talked to every body, and every body talked to me; with the old Captains, who "had seen service," I talked of the Indian and American wars; to the pipe-clay Adjutant,—of drills and field days; to the Surgeon—of wounds and hospitals; to the Paymaster—of cash and accounts; to the Quartermaster—of beef and clothing: with all I was at home, and from all I bore a joke or two on my *newcome* situation with genuine patience, nay, with some degree of pleasure. On the whole, I was pretty well *au fait*, till the time when the non-commissioned officers came in to hand round the order-book for inspection. At first, when they entered in line, and faced about with the salute, I thought they were *singers* specially brought in for the amusement of the mess, and was listening for a glee or a song from them, when one approached my chair, and placed before me, in his right hand, the order-book, which I conceived to be the song or music-book to serve as

a reference while the singers performed their duty, and took it out of the sergeant's hand, coolly placing it before me. A smile and a stare from every face were directed at me, and in a few moments a general titter went round, which threw me into no little confusion. The sergeant now in a low tone said to me, "*The orders, Sir.*"

"Oh!" replied I, "it is all the same to me, what you sing; the *Colonel* here will give you the orders."

The stiffly screwed countenance of the sergeant, in spite of his efforts, relaxed into a smile, and a loud burst of laughter rung round the table, in which I very good-humouredly joined, when I learned my mistake from the president.

The mess broke up about half-past eleven o'clock, with a bumper to the new member—three times three—and the Colonel withdrew, as did the Captains and most of the Lieutenants, leaving me in company with three jolly Subs, like myself, very little inclined for "balmy sleep." At their proposal, we sallied forth, and after a serenade or two of the most transcendent nature beneath some

windows, better known to my companions than to me, we proceeded to "finish" the evening. The particulars of our proceedings I almost forget, and therefore must let them rest in the tomb of all the devilries.

The next day I may consider to have been my first appearance in public as a PROPERLY *authenticated* officer in the army. I stood upon the parade fully equipped, and with my regiment. During all the time, I might as well have been in the pillory—nothing relieved me but pulling on and off my gloves, fixing my cravat, and playing with my sword-knot. I formed *one* of those whom the admiring crowd gazed at. I was saluted every where by passing soldiers, and I gratified my vanity in this point, by repeatedly walking past the sentries on duty at the Palace, to hear them slap the butt-ends of their muskets, as they "carried arms" to compliment me. I was gazed at on the Steyne by the most captivating eyes—I was smiled at in the Library by the most fascinating faces—lovely lights gleamed on me from balconies, barouches, and donkeys' backs—pelisses flounced, and feathers waved for me—I was somebody, I

was *everybody*—there was nobody in the world but *me—myself!* at least I saw no one else worth a moment's consideration, except as far as their admiration of me was concerned. I never ate so many ices and jellies in my life; not for the love my appetite bore to such confections, but the lounge —the graceful halo which the discussion of an ice throws round the military figure in a pastry-cook's shop is every thing: It was delightful! and as to paying, I paid for all my friends; who, to say the truth of them, were obliging enough to assist in the ceremony as often as I pleased. Of course, many *agreeable* ladies were present at these happy displays, who, with a *lee-tle* persuasion (bless their modesty!) did their parts *remarkably* well. The intervals of lounging thus about the town, the cliffs, &c. were filled up by billiards—at which game I delighted to play, merely because I could *not* play, but fancied myself, like smatterers in all arts and sciences, a "pretty considerable" sort of performer. I, however, got a few good lessons, which, although I did not *profit* by, yet they served the purpose of enabling me to pass an idle hour, and to set off my pecuniary advantages in a *proper* manner. I lost some pounds at this

"*amusement*" as it is called; but I had received a good stock of cash from my father on my appointment, for I believe the "old boy" was as much delighted with my ensigncy as I was myself, and would spare nothing to forward his son's interests in life, and enable him to support the dignity of his situation. Heaven help the worthy man! *interest* and *dignity* indeed! It would have been much better for me, and for himself, that he had confined his liberality to furnishing me with necessaries only, and obliged me to live on my pay.

Before I had been three days at Brighton, my purse was in a rapid consumption, and the air of that fashionable watering-place was in no way calculated to recover it from the effects of the shock it had received in London. I beheld it dwindling to a shadow; and what was worse, there was no soothing restorative in the hands of its physicians, Doctors Greenwood and Cox, of Craig's Court, London. In consequence of this decay of my purse, I passed Sunday in rather a sombre mood, and, with the exception of marching to church with my regiment, I had nothing to lighten the forenoon. In this dis-

position I sat down to write to all my friends, and in the descriptions, wherein I detailed to them my proceedings, lived my time in the service over again. I described my setting out from London "*to join*"—my arrival at the *barracks*—*reporting* myself to the *commanding officer*—my servant—my preparations for the mess—mess drums and fifes—the dinner—thirty *honours of wine*—the band (not a word about the "singers" and their books)—our serenade—my first parade—my attendance of officers' drills—mode of saluting with the sword at the "*present*"—account of orders for *marching* to embark for Spain (this we only *expected* at the regiment)—a sentimental adieu, and injunctions in case I should *fall*—heroism and glory—England and his Majesty! In short, I wrote from one till six that day, and not less than half a dozen letters. In the last, which was to my father, I did not forget the main point—I spoke of *finance* in such a way, that I received in return three sides of a sheet of paper closely written and crossed, containing, however, a handsome remittance, which happily arrived just as I concluded my FIRST WEEK IN THE SERVICE.

THE SOLDIER'S ORPHAN.

"Heu! miserande puer!"—VIRGIL.

AMONGST soldiers—men whose habits of life are almost in direct opposition to social and domestic enjoyment—who are strangers every where, and whose profession is to destroy their fellow-men, it is astonishing what tenderness and amiability of disposition are frequently to be met with. If a comrade dies and leaves a widow; or if an object of distress presents itself to a regiment—such as a poor traveller, unable to proceed from illness or want, a subscription is immediately set on foot, and although a few pence from each be the extent of the alms, yet, with men whose pay is so limited, it bears the credit of a considerable gift: but it is not the amount of the subscription I have looked to most; it is the generous promptitude

with which the measure is adopted. Nor are such the greatest marks of tenderness in the soldier: oftentimes has it occurred, that an orphan has been left in a regiment, and the child has either been supported and domiciled with the company to which its father belonged, or a single soldier has undertaken the care of it. I believe one remarkable instance occurred immediately after the battle of Waterloo—the infant was discovered under the carriage of a field-piece. Another is, I believe, at this moment to be found either in the 76th or 79th Regiment. That which fell under my own observation I will relate; and I think it affords undoubted proof of the kindest and most amiable heart.

At the battle of Talavera, a soldier, who had his wife, and a child about two years and a half old, at the regiment with him, was killed. His death weighed heavily at the heart of the woman, and together with a severe cold caught in marching, produced a fever which terminated in her death. Her infant, thus left fatherless and motherless, became an interesting object of pity. The officers of the regiment took measures for its

protection, and placed the boy in the care of a woman belonging to their own regiment. This woman, however, was a drunkard, and the comrade of the deceased father, perceived that she neglected the child. He reported this to the officers, and they determined to remove it; but on examination it was found that there was no other woman in the regiment who had claims to be trusted more than the person with whom the child already was. Indeed, there are but few women permitted to take the field with the soldiers; and these, in general, are not only intemperate, but blunted in their feelings by their own privations.

The comrade, finding much difficulty in providing a nurse for the child, declared that he would sooner undertake the care of him himself until an opportunity of better disposing of him should occur, as he felt convinced that the poor infant would be lost, if suffered to remain with the woman under whose care he then was.

There was no objection made to this, so the soldier immediately took charge of the child. And well he acquitted himself in his respon-

sibility: he regularly washed, dressed, and fed the little fellow, every morning; he would clamber over the hills and procure goats' milk for him, when even the officers could not obtain that luxury; and although not much of a cook, would boil his ration-meat into a nutritive jelly, as scientifically as the best of them, for the child. In less than two months, the little campaigner was very different in appearance from that which he exhibited when first taken in charge of the soldier; and he became a rosy-faced, chubby, hardy little hero, as ever bivouacked on the hills of Portugal.

Month after month passed away, during which the regiment often moved about. Upon the march the soldier always found means of procuring a seat for the child upon one of the baggage mules; and he now became so interesting to all who knew him, that little difficulty in obtaining transport for him was to be met with. One time a muleteer would take the boy before him on his *macho*, or place him between two sacks or casks, upon the animal's back, and gibber Spanish to him as he jogged along; at other times he would

find a seat on some officers' baggage, or "get a lift" in the arms of the men; nobody would refuse *little Johnny* accommodation whenever he needed it. So far I heard from a soldier of the division in which the child was protected. What follows I witnessed myself.

After the battle of Busaco, which was fought in the year following that of Talavera, the army retreated over at least one hundred and fifty miles of a country the most difficult to pass; steep after steep was climbed by division after division, until the whole arrived within the lines of Torres Vedras. The whole of this march, from the mountains of Busaco to the lines, was a scene of destruction and misery, not to the army, but to the unhappy population. Every pound of corn was destroyed, the wine-casks were staved, and the forage was burnt; the people in a flock trudging on before the army, to shelter themselves from the French, into whose hands, had they remained in their houses, they must have fallen. Infants barely able to walk; bedridden old people; the sick, and the dying—all endeavouring to make their way into Lisbon; for which purpose all the asses and

mules that they could find were taken with them, and the poor animals became as lame as their riders by a very few days' marches. It was a severe measure of Lord Wellington's thus to devastate the country which he left behind him, but, like the burning of Moscow, it was masterly; for Massena being thus deprived of the means of supplying his army, was soon obliged to retrace his steps to Spain, pursued in his turn by the British, and leaving the roads covered with his starving people and slaughtered horses.

Amidst this desolation I first saw the little hero of whom I write. I had been with the rear-guard of the division, and was approaching Alhandra, when I observed four or five men standing on a ridge, in the valley through which we were passing. One of them ran towards me, and said that there was a man lying under a tree a little way off the road, beside a stream, and that he was dying. A staff-surgeon was close by; I told him the circumstance, and we immediately proceeded to the spot. There we beheld a soldier lying upon his back, his head resting against a bank, his cap beside him and filled with water as if he had been drinking out of it. Be-

side the man sat a fine boy, of about three years' old, his little arms stretched across him. The child looked wistfully at us. We asked him what he was doing there? but, from fright and perhaps confusion at seeing us all intent upon questioning him he only burst into tears. The surgeon examined the man, and found he was lifeless, but still warm. I asked the child, if the man was his father? he said he was; but to any further questions he could only lisp an unintelligible answer. The surgeon thought the man had died of fatigue, probably from marching while under great debility or sickness. I asked the boy, if he had walked with his father that day? and he replied, that he did not, but had been carried by him.

At this moment the last of the division was passing up the hill, and the French columns appeared about half a mile behind. There was nothing to be done but to remove the child, and leave the dead man as he was. I directed the soldiers to do so, and to bring him along with them. They accordingly went over to the boy, to take him away from the body; but he cried out, while tears rolled from his eyes, "*No, no! me stay wi' daddy!*—

me stay wi' daddy!" and clung his little arms about the dead soldier with a determined grasp. The men looked at each other; we were all affected in the same way; I could see the tears in the hardy fellows' eyes. They caressed him; they promised that his father should go also; but no, the little affectionate creature could not be persuaded to quit his hold. Force was necessary; the men drew him away from the body; but the child's cries were heart-rending: "*Daddy! daddy! daddy! dear, dear, daddy!*" Thus he called and cried, while the men, endeavouring to sooth him, bore him up the hill just as the enemy were entering the valley. This was little Johnny, and the dead man was his father's kind, good-hearted comrade, who perhaps hastened his own death in carrying the beloved little orphan.

NIGHTS IN THE GUARD-HOUSE.

No. I.

" See yonder, round a many-colour'd flame,
A merry club is huddled all together;
Even with such little people as sit there
One would not be alone." GOËTHE.

" WHO goes there?"

" Rounds."

" What rounds?"

" Grand rounds."

" Stand, grand rounds—advance one and give the countersign."

" Waterloo."

" Pass, grand rounds: all 's well."

Splash went the steed, and patter went the rain,

as the above dialogue rapidly passed between the officer of the rounds and the advanced sentry of Ballycraggen guard-house, one stormy night in the depth of December, and in the midst of the Wicklow mountains.

"Guard, turn out!" instantly bellowed with true Highland energy, from the lungs of Sergeant M'Fadgen, and echoed quickly by those of Corporal O'Callaghan, increased the panic to its climax, and broke up the circle of story-tellers who were enjoying themselves round a huge turf fire, and, for aught yet known, a bottle of pure potyeen. "Guard, turn out!" repeated the corporal, as he upset, in his haste to obey, the stool on which he sat, as well as the lance-corporal and a fat private who occupied one end of it; but notwithstanding these little embarrassments, both men and muskets were out of the guard-house in a twinkling—silent, and as steady in line as the pillars of the Giants' Causeway.

The officer's visit did not last many seconds, for the night was too wet, and nothing had occurred with the guard worth his particular notice: off he

galloped, and the clatter of his horse's hoofs was almost drowned in the word of command given by Sergeant M'Fadgen, as he returned the guard; for the Sergeant always made it a point, when giving the word within the hearing of an officer, to display the power of his non-commissioned lungs in the most laudable manner.

The arms were speedily laid down, and each man ran to take up his former position at the fire, or perhaps to secure a better, if permitted to do so by the rightful owner: this, however, was, as regarded the stools, without any reference whatever to the sergeant's seat—an old oak chair, which he leisurely, gravely, and consequentially resumed.

"The Major was in a hurry to-night, Sargeant," observed Corporal O'Callaghan, as he fixed himself at the front of the fire, elbowing his supporters right and left.

"The Major 's nae fool, Corporal; it 's a cauld an' a raw naight," replied the Sergeant.

"Could, did ya say, Sergeant," returned O'Callaghan; "By the powers o' Moll Kelly! he knocks fire enough out o' the wet stones to keep

both him and the baste warm: I could ha' lit my pipe with it when he started off."

"Aweel, he 's done his duty as effectally as if he had stopped an hoor; so dinna fash, but gi' us that story you were jist commencing afore the turn-oot."

"Yes, yes, the story, Corporal!"—"Give us the story;"—"That 's the thing, my boy;"—"Let us have it." These, and a dozen similar requests followed the Sergeant's, from the men of the guard; when, after the due quantity of hems, haws, and apologies, usual in all such cases, Corporal O'Callaghan commenced the following,

STORY OF MARIA DE CARMO.

"Well! if yiz *will* have the story, I suppose I must tell it:—Maria de Carmo, you see, is a Portuguese name, as *you* Redmond, and *you* Tom Pattherson knows well: for it 's often you saw the self-same young girl I 'm going to tell about; and as purty a crature she was as ever stept in shoe leather,—a beautiful and as sweet a young blossom as the sun ever shone upon, with her black curls, and her white teeth, set just like little rows of

harpsichord kays; and her eyes, and her lips, and her ancles! O! she bet all the girls I ever saw in either Spain or Portugal; that you may depend upon. Well, Harry Gainer was her sweetheart; poor fellow! he was my comrade for many a long day. *You* knew him well, Sargeant."

"I listed the lad mysel at Waterford, aboot this time ten years, as near as poossible; an' a gay callant he was," said M'Fadgen; and then with an important sigh resumed his pipe.

"Well, Harry and I went out with the rigiment from Cork to Lisbon in 1810, and it was in March; for we spent our Patrick's Day aboord, and drowned our shamrock in a canteen of ration rum, just as we were laving sight o' Ireland: and we gave the counthry three cheers on the forecastle—the whole lot of us together, sailors an' all, as the green hills turned blue, an' began to sink away from our sight. We had a fine passage, an' landed at a place called the Black Horse Square, in Lisbon, afther only six days' sailing, as hot and as fine a day, although in March, as one of our July days here. Well—to make a long story short, we made no delay, but,

according to ordthers, were embarked aboord the boats, and sailed up the Tagus to Villa Franca (as pretty a river as ever I sailed in), and then the rigiment marched on to Abrantes, where we halted: it was in this town that Harry first met with Maria de Carmo. Both he and I were quarthered at her father's house, a nice counthry sort of place, what the Portuguese call a *Quinta*, in the middle of a thick wood of olives, on the side o' the high hill of Abrantes. You could see from the door fifty miles and more, over beautiful blue mountains on one side; an' on the other side, across the Tagus, a fertile, cultivated counthry, with the fine wide river itself, like a looking-glass, wandering away—God knows where. O, it was as purty a spot as any in Ireland, I 'm sure, barrin' the town itself; and that was a dirty, narrow hole of a place, on the very top o' the high hill,—yet it was fortified all round, as if it was worth living in. The streets are so narrow that you could shake hands out o' the windows with the opposite neighbours. There 's a bit of a square, to be sure, or Praça, as they call it, but that 's

not worth mentioning. The fact is, I often thought that the town of Abrantes was like a big dunghill in the middle o' Paradise.

"We halted here about a month, during which time Gainer was always looking afther this young girl; and faith! he hadn't much throuble to find her any day, for she was just as fond of looking afther him. I often met them both sthrolling up along the side o' the river, like two turtle doves, billing and cooing, and I could ha' tould how the matther would have gone; in two days afther we arrived; for, 'pon my sowl I don't know how it is, but when a young couple meets, that 's made for one another, there is such an atthraction, an' such a snaking toward this way an' that way, that they are always elbowing and jostling, 'till they fall into each other's arms.

"Poor Harry was a warm-hearted sowl as ever was born, and as honourable, too. He came to me the night before we marched from Abrantes for Elvas, and says he to me (we were just outside the town, taking a bit of a walk in an orange garden), says he, 'Tom,' an' the poor

fellow sighed enough to brake his heart; 'Tom,' says he, 'I don't know what to do with that girl; the rigiment marches to-morrow, and God knows will I ever see her again. She wants to come with me, unknown to her parents.' 'An' will you take her?' says I.—'Take her, Tom,' says he; 'is it an' she, the only child of the good-natured ould man that behaved so well to us? The Lord forbid! I 'd sooner jump off this hill into the river, than I 'd lade a sweet and innocent young girl asthray, to brake the heart o' her father.'

Och, I knew well, before I mintioned it, that Harry's heart was in the right place.—'Well,' says I, 'you must only lave her, poor thing; it 's betther nor take her with you. But what does her father say?' 'O,' says Harry, 'the poor man would be willing enough to let her marry me if I was settled; but although he likes me so much, he knows well that this is no time for marriages with soldiers.' 'Well, then, Harry,' says I, 'there 's no manner o' use in talking; you must only give her a lock o' your hair and a parting kiss,—then God speed you both.'

" With that we went back to our quarthers, an' took share of a canteen o' wine; but although Harry drank, I saw it was more for the dthrowning of his throubles, and the sake of conversation about Maria, than for any liking he had to licker. But faith! I 'm sure, although I 'm no great hand at it myself, I think a glass on such an occasion as that, when the heart o' the poor fellow was so full, an' my own not very empty, an' when we were going to march from the town we spent some pleasant hours in, was a thing that if a man could not enjoy, he ought to be thrown behind the fire, as a dthry chip.

" We were just finishing the last glass, when the ould man, our Patroa, Signior Jozé, came to say that we must até a bit o' supper with him, as it was our last night in the place; and although I didn't undtherstand much o' the language, yet he explained himself well enough to make us know that he was in the right earnest o' good-nature. We had no more wine to offer him, at which he smiled, and pointed to the parlour below,—'*La esta bastante,*' says he; which manes *there's*

enough below stairs, my boys. We went down to supper, which was a couple of *Galinias boas*, or in plain English, *roast fowls*,—an' soup: with oranges of the best quality, just plucked out of the ould man's garden. Maria was with us, an' I don't think I ever passed a pleasanter night. God knows whether it was so with Harry an' his sweetheart or not; I believe it was a sort o' mixture. They were both not much in the talking way, an' Maria looked as if she had a hearty male o' crying before she sat down to supper. However, I kept up the conversation with Jozé, though I was obliged to get Harry to interpret for me often enough, as he was a far betther hand at the Portuguese than I was, from always discoursing with Maria—faith! in larning any language there's nothing like a walking dictionary;—that is to say, a bit of a *sweetheart.*

"Signior Jozé gave us a terrible account o' the French when they came to Abrantes first; an' all he feared was, that ever they should be able to make their way there again. He hoped he would never see the day, on account of his dear Maria,

for they nather spared age nor sex in the unfortunate counthry.

"'They call themselves Christians,' says he, 'and the English infidels; but actions, afther all, are the best things to judge by: the sign o' the cross never kept a devil away yet; if so, there should not have been such a *Legion* of them here along with the French, for we had *crosses* enough.'

"Jozé was a liberal man in his opinions, an' although a Catholic, an' more attached to Harry an' me from professing the same religion, yet he was not like the bigots of ould, that I read of; but one that looked upon every faith in a liberal light. He was for allowing every man to go to the devil his own way."

"I dinna ken but Jozé was raight," drily remarked Sergeant M'Fadgen; to the truth of which observation a general admission was given by all the fire-side listeners.

"Well, we broke up about one o'clock purty merry, but not at all out o' the way; and as we had to march, a little after day-brake, I thought three or four hours' rest would do us no harm: so

I wouldn't let the Patroa open another bottle. Harry looked a little out o' sorts at my preventing him; but I knew what he was at—he didn't want the dthrink; but just to keep sitting up with the girl: therefore I thought it betther to go; for he an' she would have been just as loth to part if they had been six weeks more together without stopping.

"Next morning we turned out at day-brake; an' faith! Harry might as well have staid up all night for the sleep he got—he looked the picture of misery and throuble. We had our rations sarved out the day before; but faith! *we* did not want much o' that—Harry and I; for Jozé had stuffed our haversacks with every spacies of eatables.

"We mustherd in the square or market-place, —mules and all, by four o'clock, and at half-past four we marched off to the chune o' *Patrick's Day*, upon as fine a band as ever lilted; which, in the middle o' foreign parts, as I was, made me feel a little consated, I assure you. The rigiment was followed by a crowd of Portuguese, as far as the bridge over the Tagus where we crossed. Poor devils! the band didn't seem to make *them*

look pleasanter; they were like as if they suspected we were not certain of keeping the French out long.

Just as the light company was moving on to the bridge, (Harry and I belonged to the light company,) we halted a few minutes, and he fell out to spake a parting word to Maria an' her father, who were both waiting then at the bridge. Her mantilia a'most covered her face; but still I saw the tears rowling down her cheeks, poor girl, like rain. In a few moments the column moved on, and Harry was obliged to fall in. We both shook hands with the ould father—Harry kissed his sweetheart, and we marched on over the bridge. But to make a long story short, our rigiment remained at Elvas about three months, when the French began to attack us, and we retrated upon Abrantes. This was the time that they boasted of going to dthrive us into the sea, clane out o' Portugal; but by my sowl the Mounseers never were more mistaken in their lives. Well, we hadn't hard from Maria for two months, and I remember it was late in the evening when we entehred Abrantes on our retrate. Harry and I didn't want to tasté bit or sup till we went down to ould Jozé's house, and there we

larnt that he died of a faver six weeks afore: poor ould man! I was sorry to hear it, an' so was Harry—very sorry indeed. We inquired about the daughther, an' hard that she was living with a particular friend of her father's, at the other end o' the town. We soon found her out, although she was denied to us at first by an ould woman; but faith! a nice-looking young lad, dressed like a *pysano*, or counthry-boy, with a wide black hat an' red worsted sash on him, came out driving along, and threw his arms round Harry's neck, hugging an' kissing him. By my sowl! the boy was *herself*, sure enough. The *fact* is, Maria had dthressed herself up like a boy, fearful that the French would ill use her when they came into the town; an' they expected them from report, two days before. Faith! an' so they would, I 'd warrant ye; for they never showed much mercy to a purty girl once in their power.

"The people with which Maria now lived, were good cratures, and as fond of her as if she was their own. They insisted upon us stopping with them, although there was six soldiers more in the house. A good room was provided for us, an'

every thing comfortable. Harry and Maria made much o' their time; but I was obliged to go on the baggage-guard, so left them to themselves. Next morning, at day-light, we were all undther arms, and marched out o' the town towards Punhete. We were the rear-guard, and as we ex-pected the advanced guard of the French up, we were prepared to give 'em a *good morning*: the baggage was all on, an hour before. Sure enough the enemy hung on our rare the whole day, and towards night our company had a bit of a brush with 'em.

"But I forgot to tell ya, that as we left the town of Abrantes, in the dusk o' the morning, and the column was moving down the hill, the mist was so thick I could hardly see Harry; although so close to my elbow; but I hard him discoursing a little with a Portuguese that walked beside him. 'When did you lave Maria,' says I.—'Hush, man,' says he, 'she 's here.'—'O, by the Powers!' says I again, 'Harry, my boy, you did right, for she 'd be desthroyed by these thundthering French beggars.'—'For God's sake!' says Harry, 'then don't let on to mortyal man anything about it: she

can be with us until I can get her down to her friends in Lisbon.' I made no reply, but just put out my hand to Maria, who was close to Harry, an' I shook hands with her. ' 'O, my honey!' says I, 'you'll be as good a little soldier as any in the division: take a dthrop out o' this canteen.' Poor thing! she smiled and seemed happy, although we had no great prospects of an asy life of it, for a few days at laste. She wouldn't taste the rum, of coorse, but with the best humour in the world, pulled out a tin bottle and dthrank a little of its contents, which I saw was only milk.

" The mist began to rise above us by this time, and the sun threw out a pleasant bame or two, to warm us a bit; for the men were all chilly with the djew. In a very few minets, the walking and the canteens produced a little more talk along the line o' march, and we seemed as merry as a bag o' flays, cracking our jokes all along; although a squadthron o' blue bottles was plain enough to be seen, on their garrons, through the bushes on the top o' the hill behind us; but divel a toe they daared come down. Well! we arrived at Punhete,

about one o'clock, and afther ating some beef, just killed and briled on a wooden skewer; and washing it down with a canteen o' wine; the division crossed the river *Se hairy*,* an' encamped on the other side in green tents: that is, good wholesome branches o' cork, chesnut, olive, and orange threes waving purtily over our heads. Dy you remember the night, Pattherson? Dy *you*, Redmond?"

"Yes, faith! we do," says Patterson; "and that was the first time I saw Maria, though I then thought she was a boy."

"Well, I 'll never forget that night as long as I live. There we were, Harry, and Maria, and myself, undther a three, with a ratling fire blazing away before us. We gave our blankets to the girl when the men were asleep, and I got plenty of India corn straw, which is like our flaggers, an' made up a good bed for her, an' stuck plenty o' branches into the bank over her, to keep off the djew. There she slept, poor sowl! while Harry and I sat at the fire, until we fell asleep, discoursing o' one thing or other. We had some grapes an'

* *Zehere.*

bread, an' a thrifle o' wine which I got in the town on the way (becaise I had a look out for a dthry day), upon which the whole of us faisted well.

"When the girl fell asleep, Harry towld me all about her coming away with him. Says he, 'Tom, you 're my only friend in the regiment that I would confide in, and if I fall I request you will do what 's right for that poor dear girl, just the same as a sisther.' "'Don't talk about falling,' says I, 'till you 're dead in earnest. God forbid ye should ever lave us without *falling in* with a few score o' the French scoundthrels and giving them their godsend.'

"'Well,' says he, 'Tom there 's no knowing any of our fates, so God bless you, do as I bid you.' (I shook his hand, and it was in thrue friendship too. I didn't spake; but he knew what I meant:) 'She has got most respectable friends in Lisbon, and here 's the adthress—"*Rua de Flores, Lisbōa.*" I took the paper, and put it up in the inside breast-pocket o' my jacket, where I kept my *will* in case I was *settled;* for I had a thrifle which I wished my mother and sisther to get in case of accident; an' by my sowl, there was plenty o'

rason to expect it, for the report was that the French was coming up in very great force. 'Tom,' says he, 'that sweet girl sleeping there, is as dear to me as my life; an' dearer too. I 'll take care of her, plase God, until I bring her to her friends; now that her father is dead and she 's an orphan, she shall be to me only as a sisther, until we get to Lisbon, an' then she shall be my wife. Therefore, stand by me, Tom, in protecting her on the march. In the dthress she now wears, she will pass as a muleteer of our division, and not rise wondther in the men. We must say that his mule was killed, an' that he is a good fellow we have taken a liking to—if any body asks about her. I took her away for the best; becaise she was in danger of every thing bad, and also a burthen to the people she was with, at such a time as this. I swore on the Holy Evangelists, before the ould couple, that I would protect her to Lisbon inviolate, and I hope I 'll keep my oath, Tom. If I brake it, may that burning log there watch my corpse!' 'Then,' says I, 'Tom, I 'll do my part, an' if I don't mane to do it, may the same light watch mine!'

"In this way we talked over the night, until the day broke. We could just see all spread undther the threes, the men snoring fast asleep, an' the sentries posted in front. Before the light got much clearer, I spied, over on the hill fornent us about half-a-quarter of a mile, our pickets moving in a bit of a hurry; and faith! about half a dozen shots from them showed us plainly what sort of a storm was beginning. The alarm was amongst us in a minet, an' every one of us sazed the cowld iron, in the twinklin' of a bed-post. 'Harry,' says I, 'waken poor Maria.'—'Yes,' says he, 'God help her, I will.' With that he did, and without frightening her much, towld her to keep him in sight, but not to be very close to him when he was in any danger. O she was a heroine every inch of her! She didn't spake much, but bowldly buttoned her coat, put her hand on her heart, and looked at him as if she said, 'Wherever you are, there will I be.'

Very few minutes more passed, till the Granadiers and we (being the light company) were ordthered out to cover the retrate; a squadthron o' the French 16th dragoons, in green coats and brass helmets, came trhotting up the road

through the ravine, that was on our right an' opening with the main road. We were within about two hundthred yards o' them before they *got* into the main road, for we advanced close to it, undther the cover of a ridge o' bushes; an' in about a minet we let slap amongst them. O! faith, it bothered them, for they didn't want for the word '*threes about*,' but galloped off, laving about a dozen o' them behind. Howsomever, they didn't go far when they returned at a throt, seeing that a column of infantry was moving down the main road from the top o' the hill, to dislodge us. At this moment our own light dthragoons (the 13th, I think,) with horses that looked like giants to the French garrons, came smashing down behind us on the main road, just as the French horse were coming up. Oh! by Jabus! such a licking no poor devils ever got; the sabres went to work in style, an' our captain gave us the word to face about, an' give it right in to the column coming down the road; which we did with a "*cead mille fulthea*," an' then retired as steady as a rock, before our cavalry. It was just at this time I saw Maria close to us, an' as pale as death, though all on

the alert, an' as brave as a lion. We were now in full march afther the breeze we had kicked up; when, from an opening on our right, through a wood of olives, an immense body of horse approached at full gallop: we had just time to give them a volley an' run, when they were in amongst us. Harry an' I, an' about eighteen more, were cut off from the rest and surrounded; when all further fighting *with us* was out o' the question; so we were marched off prisoners. The divil a much they got by this manœuvre, for we could see that they came back quick enough, with our dthragoons afther 'em, and if it wasn't that the French infantry by this time cum up, we should have been retaken. I saw one fellow, a sarjeant o' the French horse, going back to the rear, with his thigh laid open and his face cut down the sides: Faith an' many a French horse galloped by us without a ridther at all.

"I lost all feelings about myself when I looked at Harry, for his countenance was like a wild man's. I knew the cause: it was that Maria was missing. He attempted to run back, an' was near being

bagneted by the French guard in charge of us, for doing so.

"There was no time for thinking; or for any thing else. Away we were marched to the rear as fast as we could go, meeting at every step fresh regiments of the French cavalry an' artillery, all in high spirits,—humbugging us with '*God dam Crabs*,'* an' the like. Then we were taken across the river at Punhite, an' packed off to Abrantes. In going through, the rascals paraded us about the town to show they had taken *some* prisoners, an' telling the Portuguese that they killed *thousands* of us that morning! On the way to Abrantes poor Harry hardly spoke a word, an' I didn't say much, for our hearts were sick and sore. The whole o' the road along was in a bustle with the advancing army, singing French songs and shouting at us as we passed. 'Ah!' says I to myself, 'if I had half a dozen o' ye to my own share, I 'd larn you to shout at th' other side o' yir mouths.' But we 'd *one* comfort; an' that was, that we knew

* The French in the Peninsula during the war, called the English, *Crabs*, in allusion to their red coats.

these fellows' tone would be changed before they went many miles farther.

"We arrived at Abrantes—right back to where we started from the day before,—an' was again made a show of about the town by the brággadocios o' Frenchmen. One o' their generals came up to me—a finikin little hop-o'-my-thumb fellow, who could talk a little broken English; an' says he, 'You Englisman, eh?'—'Yes,' says I, 'in throth I am.'—'From what part?'—'From a place called Ballinamore, in the county of Leitrim.' 'Is dat in Hirlaund?'—'Yes, faith,' says I, 'it is.'—'Ah bon,' says the general, 'you be von Catholic—von slave d'Angleterre.'—'No, Monseer; I 'm no *slave* to Angleterre, though I *am* a Catholic. There 's a little differ in our religion, to be sure, but we are all *one* afther all.'—'Vell, Sare, you be Catholic, an Frenchmen be Catholic. You give me all de information of de English army, and vee make you sargeant in de French Guard, and give you de l'argent; you can den fight against de heretick English.'—'Thank you,' says I, 'Monseer General, but I 'd much rather be excused, if you plase. I know no

differ between Ireland and England when once out o' the counthries; we may squabble a bit at home, just to keep us alive, but you mistake us if you think we would do such a thing as fight against our King and counthry. Come, boys, says I, (turning about to my comrades,) if any o' yiz want promotion an' plenty o' money, now is your time. All you 'll be asked to do, is to fight against your ould king, your ould counthry, an your ould rigiment. Any o' yiz that likes this, let him spake now.' The General was a little astonished, an' so was the officers with him. There was a bit of a grin on all my comrades' faces, but divil a word one o' them answered.—'O! I see how it is,' says I, 'none o' yiz accepts the General's offer; so now take off your caps, an' give three hearty cheers for ould England, Ireland, an' Scotland, against the world.' Hoo! by the holy St. Dinis! you never hard such a shout—it was like blowing up a mine. The General hadn't a word in his gob; he saw there was no use o' pumping us any more, and so he turned round smiling to one of his officers, an' says he in French (which I understood well, though he didn't think

it) '*En verité ce sont de braves gens! si toute l'armée Britannique est comme cet echantillon-ci, tant pis pour nous autres:*' and galloped off. The maning o' that was this, you see—that *we were the broth o' boys, an' if the remaindhar o' the English army was like us, the divil a much chance the French would have.*"

"It was nae bad compliment, Corporal," said Sergeant M'Fadgen; a sentiment in which the rest of the guard unanimously joined.

"By my soul it wasn't, Sergeant, and we all felt what it was to have the honour of our regiment in our hands, and to stick to it like good soldiers, as we ought through thick an' thin.

"Well, we were there standing in the market-place, surrounded by straggling French an' Frenchified Portuguese; that is, fellows who followed their invaders, like our dogs, to be kicked about as they liked; but there wasn't many o' them, an' maybe the poor divils couldn't help it, unless they preferred a male o' could iron. The shops were all shut up, except where they were broke open by the French, and in every balcony you could see, instead of young women, a set of

French soldiers smoking and drinking. Says I to Harry Gainer, 'If poor Maria was here now, she'd have a bad chance among these rapscallions.' Harry shook his head and said, with a heavy sigh, 'Ah, Tom, is she any betther off now? God help her, where can she be?' At this very minute, a muleteer boy appeared amongst them, crying out '*Vivâ os Francesos*, along with some others, and he had a tri-color cockade in his hat. It was nobody else but Maria herself! She put up her finger to her lip, when she saw that we were looking at her; an' this is the Portuguese sign for silence. We undtherstood her in a jiffy, an', by the Powers! poor Harry's face grew like a May-day morning. I could see that he didn't know whether he was on his head or his heels. 'Silence, my boy,' says I, 'don't you see how it is? don't take the laste notice of her for your life.' We were immadiately marched off to a church, close by, where we were to lie for the night. Some brown bread was given to us, an' some of Adam's ale to faste ourselves; an' there we were—twenty of us. Now just as we were going in, Maria, in a bustling sort o' way, got close to Harry and me,

and says she, in a whisper, '*Non dorme vos merce esta note, Anrique, pour amor de Dios.*' She then went away in a careless manner, pretending to join in the jokes passed off upon us by those around."

"The English o' that," said Serjeant M'Fadgen, anxious to show his knowledge of the Portuguese, "is *For the loo o' God, Harry, dinna sleep a wink the naight.*"

"Throth you 're just right! It is, sergeant; you ought to know it well, for you were a long time in the Peninsula."

The sergeant shut his eyes, and smoked again.

"Well! we got into the church, which was more like a stable; for there was a squadthron of dthragoons' horses in it the night before; the sthraw that remained was all we had to sleep on, an' wet enough it was, God knows! The althar piece,—a fine painting, cut and hacked, an' the wood of the althar itself tore up for firing. 'There 's something a brewing, Harry,' says I.—'Whisht!' says he, 'Tom; she manes to get us out if she can; an' sorry enough I am, for she may get shot, or be hung by these Frenchmen, if they discover that she is our friend.'

So we talked about it awhile, and agreed to watch all night, as she desired. It was then coming dark, an' we all sat down on the sthraw, an' afther a few mouthfuls of what we had, an' some conversation, all fell asleep, except Harry and I. We talked together to pass the time, till about nine o'clock, when we both from fatague felt very sleepy, so we agreed to lie down, one at a time, while the other walked about. I had the first sleep; an' I suppose it might be two hours, when Harry wakened me, an' lay down himself; but although he did, his sleep was only a doze, for he used to start an' ask me something or other every ten minutes. At last, about one o'clock—I think it couldn't be more—the high window on one side began to rise up, and I could just disarn a figure of a head an' shouldhers, like Maria's, between me an' the faint grey light o' the sky; so I wakens Harry, an' we both went over undther the window. 'It's she, sure enough!' says I; an' a whisper from her soon showed it was. The snores of our comrades were just loud enough to dhrown her voice, an' ours too, from any danger; an' from the great fatague they suffered, there wasn't a sowl

awake, but ourselves and the senthry outside the door. 'Take this rope,' says she, in Portuguese, 'an' pull up the ladther, while I guide it down to you:—make no noise.' We then laid howld o' the rope, which by a little groping we found hanging down from the window, an' we pulled steady, while she took the top o' the ladther, an' guided it down as nice as you plase. She then sat down across on the window, while we cautiously mounted the ladther, an' got up to her. I was first; so I looked all round to see if I could make out any o' the senthries; but the heavy sky and a high wind favoured us. So Harry an' I stands on the edge, an' we slowly draws up the ladther an' put it down. 'Here goes!' says I; an' I took a parting look at my poor comrades. 'God send you safe, lads!' thought I, as I went down. Maria was the next, and then Harry. When we all three got out clear, I was putting my hand to the ladther to take it away, when the senthry cried out '*Qui va là?*' from the front o' the church. Thinks I, 'It's all up with us!' Maria seemed to sink into nothing: she laned against us both, thrembling like an aspin-lafe, while we stirred not a limb, and held fast our

breath. '*Qui va là?*' was again roared out by the senthry, in a louder voice. O God! how I suffered then, an' poor Harry too: the dhrops run off our faces with the anxiety, for it was now whether we should answer to the senthry's challenge, an' be taken, or remain silent an' be shot! He challenged a third time, when, at the highest pitch of our feelings, a Frenchman answered to the challenge as he passed the senthry. I suppose it was some officer prowling about the town to watch the guards. Oh! what a relief it was to us! Ye may *guess* how glad we were to find that our chance was as good as ever.

"Afther a bit, Maria tould us to follow exactly wherever she went, and to carry the ladther with us. So we proceeded—she first—picking our steps in the dark, till we got out over a little wall into a narrow lane, where we left the ladther down in a ditch. The wind blew as loud as ever I hard it, which favoured us greatly; an' the sort o' grey twilight that was above us, was just sufficient to show us our way. Maria now got into a little garden o' grapes, through a broken wall, and desired us to follow her; which we did,

all along undther the vines, which grew over the walk as thick as hops. We creeped on, 'till we came to a sort of an outhouse; where we halted to dthraw our breath, an' thank God for our escape so far. Says Maria to Harry, 'Men Anrique! men curaçao!'—but there 's no use of telling it in Portuguese, so I 'll give it in plain English—'Henry,' my heart,' says she, 'we are now at the back of Señor Luiz de Alfandega's house,' (that was her friend's, where she lived) 'and we must stay there until morning.' 'Are the French in it, or not?' says Harry. 'No,' replied Maria, 'none of the soldiers, except a sick French curnël and his servant; but both are fast asleep above stairs. Poor Luiz an' his wife are fled, and there is nobody remaining in the house but Emanuel' (that was an ould cratture of a man, sixty years in the family—a sort o' care-taker o' the vineyard). 'I will go to the window an' see if all is safe. It was he who provided me with the ladther, an' now waits to hear of my success. Stay here until I return.' She went up to the house, and in a few minutes came back an' guided us safely

into the kitchen, where ould Emanuel was waiting.

"When we got into the kitchen, there was the poor ould man sitting. We couldn't see him till we sthruck a light—which was a good while first, owing to his groping about for a flint, an' being fearful o' wakening the curnel or his sarvant, that was above stairs. Well, we got the light, an' a sad sight it showed us; *there* was desthruction itself—every thing broken and batthered—the windows knocked out—the partitions burned—an' the ould man, with his white head, standing, like Despair, over the ruins. This was all done by the rascals o' French; an' I suppose if they wern't turned out, to make room for the sick curnel, they'd have burned the boords o' the floors afore they'd ha' left the house.

"Maria now brought out from a nook in the kitchen, two shutes o' counthryman's clothes for us to put on, in ordher that we might all escape to the English camp; an' scarcely had we taken them up, when we hard a noise, as if a person had slipp'd his foot on the stairs.

'Whisht,' says I, 'Harry; there 's somebody stirring.' We were all as mute as mice, an' the ould man blew out the light. We could now hear a footstep moving down the stairs; an' as there was a boord broken out o' the partition, Harry an' I popped out our heads to look. It was dark; but we could see the cracks in the gate o' the house. Presently the step was at the bottom o' the stairs, an' in the stone passage or gateway,—the Portuguese houses mostly have gateways. Maria thrembled like an aspin leaf, an' Harry pinched her to be quiet. The boult o' the gate was now slowly moved an' opened. We could then see, by a dim light from the sthreet, that a French soldier, 'in rigimentals,' was let in by another in undthress, an' the gate quietly shut, an' not boulted, but latched afther them. 'By the Powers!' thinks I, we are done. So we listened: an' presently one o' the villians says to the other, in French, 'He 's fast asleep; but you must be quick, or he may wake; the money is all ready on the table.' Both then stole up stairs, an' I consulted with Harry about the matther. We didn't know

what to think of it. Says I, 'They 're going to rob the curnel of his money, you may depend upon it.' I then explained to Maria what the man said; an' says she, in a minute, 'They 're going to *murther* him.' 'Yes,' says ould Emanuel, '*Certamente*.' Scarcely was the word out of his mouth, when we hard a dreadful groan! 'It 's the curnel,' says the ould man. Harry an' I jumped out in a minute, followed by Emanuel. 'Dthraw your bagnet,' says I.—Harry was up first; and slash into the room where the light *was*, we ran. One o' the villians fired a pistol at Harry as he enthered, an' just rubbed the skin off his arm with the ball. The poor curnel was struggling undther the other fellow. Harry jumped in upon the bed at him, while I ran at the fellow who fired the pistol. It was a large room; he made for the door, an' leaped right over Emanuel—I afther him, down stairs into the kitchen, an' got him down. He was a horrible sthrong man; I 'm not very wake myself, and faith! he gave me enough of it. I dthropped my bagnet to hould him, when he made a desperate effort, an' twisted himself

away from me. You may think I held a good hoult, when the breast-plate, which was the last thing I held out of, broke away in my hand. I ran afther him as he got out o' the door, but he got clane off through the back o' the house.

"I immadiately went back to the room, an' there was Harry shaking the murdtherer by the neck, an' the ould man lifting up the curnel gently, who was groaning in a shocking way, an' looking at us as if he thanked us from his very heart an' sowl, but couldn't spake a word. He was bleeding fast from a deep wound in the side, an' the bloody knife was on the ground, beside the bed.

"Afther I shook my fist at the tallow-faced rascal that stabbed his masther, an' when I threatened him with the rope, I went over to the poor curnel an' I spoke kindly to him: I gave him a dthrink o' wather: O! God help him, how ghastly he looked at me—I 'll never forget it. He pressed my hand to his heart an' sunk back upon the pillow; then he struggled an' heaved his breast very much, an' seemed just on the point o' death.

"At this minute we hard people running up the stairs, an' in a minute a corporal an' six file o'

the French guard burst into the room. The murdthering dog no sooner saw this than he fell on his knees, an' pretended to pray to heaven an' to thank God for his deliverance; then starting up, he cried out to the corporal to saze the murdtherers of his master!

"The three of us were immadiately sazed. We did every thing we could to prove the matther as it really was, but this was of no use. I abused, an' cursed, an' swore at the villian as well as I could, in both French an' English, and bid them ask his masther; but this had no effect, for when the soldiers went to the curnel they found him dead: so Emanuel, Harry, an' myself, were hauled off as if we were three murdtherers, an' locked up in the guard-house.

"When we began to think of ourselves, good God! how dthreadful our situation appeared. Harry suffered on account of his Maria as much as any thing else. What was become of her he could not tell, nor could I either: poor ould Emanuel did nothing but pray all the night.

"As soon as the day-light came, hundthreds of officers crowded to see the two English soldiers

who broke from their prison and murdthered a curnel; an' sure enough it was past bearing what we endured from them. But the worst of all was when the general who wanted us to enther his sarvice the day before, came an' saw us.

"'What!' says he, 'are these the men who refused so nobly yestherday to bethray their counthry? Have *they* committed murdther?'

"O! this cut us to the heart. There was not an hour passed until a court-martial was assembled: we were marched in by twelve men, an' placed before it for thrial. The charges were read; they were for murdthering the curnel, an' attempting the murdther of his servant. All the officers o' the garrison were present.

"To describe our feelings at that moment is out o' the power o' man; but we were conscious of our innocence, an' that supported us. The poor ould man was almost dead; he could scarcely spake a word.

"The thrial was very short; the murdtherer was the evidence. He swore as coolly and as deliberately that we killed his masther as if it really was the case. He said that the curnel had

just gone asleep, an' *he* had lain himself down beside his bed, on a matthrass, when he saw the door open, when we three enthered with a lanthern, an' having sazed him, stabbed his masther with a clasp knife, but that before he was sazed, he said he snatched a pistol an' fired at us.

"One o' the officers present then persaving the mark o' the ball on the arm o' Harry, pointed it out. —His coat was sthripped off, an' the skin appeared tore a little, which a surgeon present declared was done by a ball. The corporal and the guard which took us, proved the situation which they found us in, adding, that we were just proceeding to kill the sarvant as they enthered the room.

"This of course clenched the business: however, we were called upon to make our defence. As I spoke French, I undhertook it. I acknowledged that Harry an' I got out o' the church for the purpose of escaping to our own throops, that we went into the house where the curnel was killed, in ordther to change our rigimentals for other clothes, which ould Emanuel had provided for us. I didn't say any thing about Maria, lest the poor thing might be brought into the scrape.

I then described the way that we ran up stairs, an' the sthruggle I had to hould the soldier who was the accomplice. Harry an' the ould man gave the same account o' the affair through an interprether, but all our stories only made them think worse of us. We were asked, could we *point out* the soldier we saw? and what proof could we give of it? But there was so much hurry when we discovered the murdther, that none of us could give any particular description of the man, so as to find him.

"We were immadiately found guilty, an' sentence o' death was pronounced. We were marched on the minute to the place of execution: it was in front o' the house where the murther'd body lay, an' the gallows had been erected before the thrial.

"Great God! as we stood undther the fatal bame what was my feeling! My friend Harry's fate, and the poor ould man's, sunk me to the bottom of misery. Harry thought o' nothing but his dear Maria, an' Emanuel was totally speechless an' totthering.

"The ropes were preparing, when Maria burst through the soldiers, with a paleness on her face

even worse than ours; her clothes disordered, her hair flying about: the soldiers were ordthered to stop her, an' they did; but although they did not undtherstand her language, they couldn't mistake her well, when she pointed to Harry, an' knelt down at the officer's feet. All thought it was a friend of ours, but none supposed her a woman. She was then permitted to go to Harry, an'—oh! such a parting!—she hung upon his neck; she knelt down; she embraced his knees! I stood motionless, gazing at the fond an' unfortunate pair in agony, wishing that the scene was past. An' even Emanuel felt for them, overcome as he was with the thoughts of his own situation.

"The Provost now was proceeding to his juty, the ropes in his hand, when I started as if I had wakened from a horrid dream. A thought sthruck me like lightning: I roared out 'Stop, for God's sake, stop!' with a strength and determination of manner that changed the feelings of every body; an' I called out to the officer commanding, with such earnestness, that he rode over to me at once. 'Oh,' says I in French to him, 'I 'll prove our innocence; I 'll prove it, Sir, if you will grant me

your support in doing so.' This the officer willingly assented to. 'Go, then, yourself, Sir,' says I, 'go *yourself* into the kitchen o' that house, and look upon the floor. There, plase the Lord, you will find the breastplate o' the soldier that murthered the curnel; I tore it off him in the sthruggle, but unfortunately did not keep it.'

"The officer, God bless him! although he was a Frenchman, seemed as glad as if he had already found proof of our innocence, and immadiately dismounted, called his adjutant and a sarjeant to go with him, an' went straight into the house. I then tould Harry, Maria, and Emanuel, what I thought of; an' such an effect I never saw, as it had upon all o' them. Harry grew red, and looked at me with feelings as if I had already saved his life. Maria's eyes almost started out of her head. She seemed to laugh like, and hung round my neck as if I was her lover, an' not Harry; while poor ould Emanuel suddenly came to his speech, an' cried like a child.

"The officer was away about ten minutes, an' during this time there was the greatest anxiety amongst the crowd. I could see plainly their coun-

tenances showed that they wished we might be found innocent. The officer at length appeared; advanced hastily,—O God! to have seen us then,—poor Maria, an' the ould man shaking every limb!

'Have you found it, Sir?' says I.—'*Yes, yes,* my friend, I *have*,' was the answer; 'an' immadiately he ordthered the Provost to unbind us. The ould man dthropped on his knees, an' every one of us followed his example. There was a murmur of satisfaction among the crowd,—all were delighted with the respite, an' their prayers were mixed with ours.

"We were on our way back to the Governor's house, when I thought o'the necessity o' sending to the rigiment to which the breast-plate belonged, to secure success, an' I asked the commanding officer to do so: but it had been already done; he had sent off his adjutant on the moment to the proper quarter.

"It was now not more than eleven o'clock in the day: the news of the affair had spread, an' a greater number of officers crowded to spake to us now, than to see us before the thrial.

"We were all brought into a private room,

where the Governor was, (an' that was the General that spoke to us about joining the French the day before)—The officer who found the breast-plate, up an' tould him all about it.

" ' But this breast-plate,' says the General, ' only gives the *number* o' the regiment. We are still at a loss for the man, should he have obtained another breast-plate.—Besides, this is not direct proof.'

" ' Turn the other side, Sir,' said the officer, ' an you will see the man's name scratched upon it with a pen-knife.'

" Oh! by the powers! this was like Providence, an' we all thanked God Almighty for it.

" In a few minutes the adjutant who was sent to find the man, returned; the sargeant was with him, carrying a kit, an' every thing belonging to the fellow that was suspected. He was then brought in before us; an' when we saw him, an' he us, any body could have sworn he was guilty. ' Look at the villian,' says I; ' look at his neck, where I left the marks o' my knuckles:" an' sure enough the marks were there, black as you plase.

" The General looked like thundther at him. ' Where's your breast-plate, Sir?' says he. The fellow shook.

"'It 's on my belt,' was the reply. The belt was produced. It had no breast-plate on it! The passporation dthropped off the fellow's forehead.

"'Sarch his kit,' says the General. The kit was opened, and amongst his things was found a purse of money, a miniature picture of a lady, an' a gold watch—*all belonging to the Curnel!*

"This was convincing. The General demanded him to answer to these proofs. He was silent. In a few moments, however, he confessed the crime; but pleaded that he was led into it by the sarvant, an' that both intended to desart to the English.

"We were immadiately liberated. The General himself came forward and shook hands with us. Maria acknowledged her disguise, an' the whole story of her getting her lover and myself out o' the church was tould. Every officer of the garrison came to congratulate us. They all seemed as happy as if they were our relations.

"The rascally sarvant that swore against us was sazed, an' both him an' the soldier were thried in an hour afther by the same court that thried us. We were the evidences; an' in less than two hours, the murdtherers were *hung on the gallows which they had prepared for us!*

"There wasn't a man in the garrison so happy as Harry that evening, nor a woman more joyful than Maria; for the General ordthered that we all should be escorted safely to the front an' delivered over to our own army. Not only that, but plenty o' money was given to us, with a hearty shake o' the hand from all the officers for our conduct; an' we marched out of Abrantes next morning with three jolly cheers from the men."

Thus ended the Corporal's story of Maria de Carmo.

"Aweel, Corporal," said Sergeant M'Fadgen, that story is nae far short o' bein' a romance. If I didn't ken it to be fac mysel', I 'd ha' swore it to be made oot o' yir ain Irish invention."

The meed of praise so justly due to O'Callaghan for his story was now given by all the men; his courage and loyalty were commended, and his sufferings pitied. All, however, who had not been in the regiment at the time the circumstances occurred, demanded of the Corporal, what became of Harry and his sweetheart.

"O faith," replied O'Callaghan, "they lived like turtle-doves together for three years. When

we were delivered over from the enemy, they got married, an' had two fine boys, who are now in the Juke o' York's School."

"And where are Maria and Harry?" asked one of the men.

The Corporal sighed as he answered it and got up to prepare for the relief.

"Maria," said he, "God rest her sowl! died in child-bed; an' poor Harry was killed by my side at the battle o' Toulouse, shortly afther."

The men then proceeded to relieve the sentries, and the Sergeant fell asleep.

OLD CHARLEY.

"Charley is my darling—the [*old*] Cavalier."

A good-humoured by-name is often given by soldiers to their commanding officer, under which he is always known and talked of amongst them when his back is turned; and nothing more strongly proves their esteem for him than this practice. The Duke of Wellington himself was called "*The Little Corporal*" by his men; and this *mark of distinction* his Grace received from his uncommon zeal and industry in promoting the works of the impenetrable lines at Torres Vedras. The indefatigable commander usually turned out at daybreak, and went through the batteries in

which the men were at work, dressed in a plain blue coat and glazed hat, singly and on foot, to watch the progress of the operations. When seen at a distance by the working parties, "*Here comes the Little Corporal!*" would pass from one to another throughout, and all would redouble their exertions. This was not from fear, but from esteem—each was emulous of approval in his task; and had his Grace himself heard them designating him with the *title* of his extraordinary rank, he would not have been at all displeased.

The subject of this sketch is Colonel Donellan, of the 48th, who was killed at Talavera; and "*Old Charley*" was the cognomen of friendly distinction, which the men of his regiment gave their gallant commander. A few traits in his military character will be found not unworthy of imitation by all young Colonels; nay, even some of our old ones would not be wrong in copying a few of his good qualities.

Old Charley was the last of the *Powderers;* that is to say, the only one in the regiment who, in despite of new customs and new taxes, clung to the good old cauliflower-head of the army, and

would no more have gone to parade without pomatum and powder, than without his sword and sash. He had been accustomed to the practice of military hair-dressing from his early youth, and it formed as much a part of the officer, in his estimation, as the epaulette or the gorget. Even as the odoriferous effluvia of Auld Reekie, by the powers of association, will affect the children of that city throughout life, so will hair-powder and pomatum stick to the heads of the old military school for ever: — they bring back the mind to its early predilections: like Merlin's wand, a smell of the one and a dust of the other bid the spirit "of former days arise," and cheer it with an intellectual view of its dearest hours!

In this amiable susceptibility Old Charley was pre-eminent; and he was often known to have regretted the improvement in hair-dressing, which reduced the quantity of iron pins and coagulable fat used in that art, from two pounds each head per diem to three ounces. The powdering-rooms built in all the old barracks for the purpose of twisting the tails of the battalions into dense knobs, and beautifying their heads with a compo-

sition of meal, whiting, and rancid suet, never were permitted by him to be defiled with cast-off stores of quarter-masters, or the rattletrap uproar of an adjutant's nursery. No; those relics of worth were sure to be protected by the whitewasher's brush and the charwoman's scrubber; and, in giving them up to the substitute purposes of orderly-room, Old Charley would heave a sigh and think of the white heads which, like snow-balls, were melted away by the warmth of croppy influence, and trampled upon by the march of refinement!

This worthy officer had formed the greatest friendship with the jack-boot of the army, together with its close associate—the white buckskin breeches; and when the grey overalls and short Wellingtons were ordered to displace them, he indignantly refused to obey—as far as regarded his own proper person: such innovations he could not bear; and, as a proof of his opposition upon this point, he stuck to his jacks and buckskins to the day of his death. They, as well as his favourite powder and pomatum, were along with him at Talavera, when the shot struck him which de-

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prived the service of an excellent, though somewhat whimsical officer.

Amongst his *whims* was that of governing his soldiers without flogging; and in this task (which is no very easy one) he succeeded so well, that when his regiment, the 2nd Battalion of the 48th, was reviewed by Sir David Baird on the Curragh of Kildare, that general officer complimented him by saying, that "it was as fine and as well disciplined a corps as he would ever wish to command." This is certainly an argument, and a strong one, against the punishment of flogging in the army; but then, to make the argument perfect, we must provide that there should be an "Old Charley" in every regiment; or, in other words, a commanding officer whose qualities of government can supersede the necessity of the lash.

He pleased both officers and men under his command, although he sometimes was harsh with them, for they knew this harshness was dictated by a wish for their welfare—it was that of a father for his children.

The Colonel had been removed from the second battalion to the first, and for a considerable time

had not seen his favourite men. Previous to the battle of Talavera, Lord Wellington reviewed his whole army on the plain, in order to show his ally, the Spanish General Cuesta, a specimen of the British forces in all the pride of their excellence. As the Generals rode along the line, which was of immense extent, each soldier stood fixed in his place; each battalion silent and motionless; scarcely the eyelids of the soldiers twinkled, as the cavalcade of the chiefs and their staff rode by. All on a sudden, a bustle and murmur took place in one regiment; its line lost its even appearance; and caps, and heads, and hands, and tongues moved, to the utter dismay of the officer who was in command of it. In vain did he endeavour to check this unseemly conduct in his men, and Lord Wellington was himself astonished and exasperated at the circumstance. The fact is, the irregular regiment was the second battalion of the 48th:—Colonel Donellan happened to be riding along with the staff, in his stiff buckskins, powdered hair, and square-set cocked hat—his men, from whom he had been separated, perceived their beloved commanding-officer, and every one mur-

mured to his comrade—" There goes *old Charley !*' —" God bless *the old boy !*"—" Success to him !" —" Does not he look well ?"—and so on ; bustling and smiling, evidently from an impulse they could not resist. When this was known to the commander-in-chief he was perfectly satisfied ; and all were delighted as old Charley uncovered, and shook the powder from his cocked hat in waving a cordial salute to his worthy soldiers.

In a very short time after this circumstance the battle of Talavera took place, and then the Colonel showed that he knew the use of steel and ball as well as of *powder*. He was engaged at the head of his regiment, in the thickest of the fight : for several hours he had stood the fire of the enemy, and drove them from their ground frequently, during which time he had two horses shot under him. The presence of the fine old soldier, like Charles the XII. in scarlet, animated his men, and they fought with the energy of true courage. His voice, as he gave the word of command along the line of his battalion, was like a match to the gun—" Steady, officers ! cool, my men—Ready, p'sent, fire—that 's the way, my lads." Thus

old Charley, at a word, sent showers of well-directed balls into the blue ranks before him; and in the heat of a well-returned fire, was as cool as on the parade, and as primly caparisoned. He perceived a few of his men fall from a discharge of musketry, at such a distance as made him doubtful of being within range—"Curse the fellows," said he, "those damn'd long guns of theirs can shoot at two miles off!" and immediately advanced his battalion to such a proximity of the foe, that he soon made them shift their ground.

Very shortly after this, a dreadful charge upon the French was made by the Guards; but in their pursuit they went rather far, and a reinforcement of the enemy came upon them. Colonel Donellan instantly advanced to the support of the threatened regiment at double quick time: but in this glorious moment, the gallant leader received a ball in his knee: he beckoned the officer next in command, Major Middlemore, and, although suffering the most excruciating torture from the wound, took off his hat, and resigned the command just as if he had been on the parade of a barrack-yard. His enraged men went on like lions, taking ample

revenge upon their enemies—and that too with the *cold iron.*

The Colonel, with his knee broken in a most dangerous manner, was, without loss of time, carried to the rear by four of his musicians, and placed on a straw bed in the town of Talavera: had there been surgeons to have amputated his limb on the instant, it is supposed he would have survived; but this not having been the case, mortification took place, and he died on the fourth day after the battle, surrounded by thousands of dying and dead.

Owing to Cuesta's illiberal opposition to Lord Wellington, he, as well as the rest of the wounded, were left in the hands of the French; as were also several English surgeons, who remained at the mercy of the enemy.* The Colonel, however, was treated with the greatest respect and kindness by the French officers. Some of them remembered seeing him at the head of his battalion, and warmly praised the veteran's gallantry.

* These surgeons were sent, after their duty, not to a French prison, but to Paris, where Napoleon complimented all, and presented them with money and a free passage to England, for the service they had done his soldiers, and allowed for the nature of their duty, which placed them in his power.

His soldier-like appearance, too, commanded their regard, and they carried him in a cloak to the spot on which he had led his regiment so bravely, and there they buried "Old Charley" with the true honours of a soldier.

MESS-TABLE CHAT.

No. I.

"But this is worshipful society."
Shakspeare.

SCENE—*The mess-room of a Hussar Regiment: principal speakers—Colonel Diamond; Major Flowers; Captains Tache, Bright, and Ploomer; Doctor Scott; Lieutenants Rose, Golding, Lavender, and Honeywood; Cornets Lilly, Fairfax, Canary, and Small. Table spread with dessert, decanters, glasses, and snuff-boxes. Time—half-past ten at night.*

Capt. Bright. When Colonel Diamond has done *drilling* the claret, I would thank him to put it into *marching order*, and give the decanter the *route*.

Col. Diamond. 'Pon my honour, Bright, you are becoming *brilliant*. If you take any more of the *light* wine, you will absolutely *dazzle* us.

All the Mess. Good!—good!—excellent!—bravo! Colonel—admirable hit.

[*A well directed volley is laughed at the Colonel's* "HIT;" *particularly loud from the Subalterns.*]

Dr. Scott. Positively, Colonel Diamond, the Ensign and Adjutant, wha writes in Blackwood's Magazine, couldna say a better bet o' wut. (*offers his gold snuff-box to the Colonel.*)

Capt. Bright. By the by, Colonel, who is this new Cornet we are about to have?

Col. Diamond. 'Pon my honour, I don't know him; but, I believe, Major Flowers does.

Major Flowers. *Pardonnez moi*, Colonel, I don't *know* him. His uncle's in *trade:* he is *known* on *change.*

All the Mess. (*with a stare*) Indeed!!!

Major Flowers. Yes, I have *heard* that he is a *dry-salter*?

All the Mess. A dry-salter?

Lieut. Rose. Horrible!

Cornet Canary. Shocking!

Cornet Small. Dreadful!

Lieut. Golding. Abominable!

Dr. Scott. Aweel, I dinna know but there 's mare in dry-salters than you think, gentlemen: he 's na' the worse for a' that, gin he 's got the siller.

Major Flowers. Doctor, 'pon my honour, I am surprised that you should think that money could possibly purchase our permission to admit a *dry-salter's* relation as a member of the *nonpareils!*

All the Mess. Oh, Doctor!—oh! oh! oh!

Dr. Scott. A dry-salter, Major, is na' worse than a *tailor*, and I have seen a tailor's son *cut* a canny dash in the army afore noo.

All the Mess. Have *done*, Doctor, pray have done!

Colonel Diamond. The Doctor has *Dunn*, I assure you. (*Although the Colonel's pun was evidently a poser—all laughed a little; but the Colonel himself, although he could not refrain from the deliverance of it, was certainly sorry for having been so witty, and a short silence intervened.*)

Major Flowers. Oh, by the by, Colonel, I have received a letter from Lady Fanny, and she tells

me that it is rumoured—a—that we are to be sent to Ireland.

All the Mess. To Ireland!

Capt. Tache. I 'll exchange, upon my honour.

Lieut. Golding. I 'll resign.

Lieut. Lavender. We shall be starved, as I live.

Capt. Bright. We shall be murdered.

Cornet Small (*in a piping voice*). Really, if I had the slightest anticipation that the regiment should have been ordered on *foreign* service *at all*, I would have joined the *Blues*. A man of *fortune* has no business in Ireland.

Col. Diamond. If this news of Lady Fanny's should turn out to be true, I must go to town immediately, and insist upon a change in the arrangement; the Duke must *not* be allowed to have his way in this: so, gentlemen, make yourselves easy on the subject. *I am determined we shall not go.*

[*All the Mess are delighted, and a burst of applause follows the concluding word of the Colonel's assurance.*]

Dr. Scott. Dinna fash aboot ganging to Ireland, gentlemen; it 's no sae bad a spot as you think.

Capt. Ploomer. Really, Doctor, you Scotchmen have strange notions of comfort, — totally at variance with the *esprit de corps* which distinguishes the *nonpareils.* Those *boundary* countries, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, may do very well for the infantry and the heavy dragoons, and perhaps as an occasional quarter for the *lights;* but we, who are the *influential* portion of the military ton, should never leave England, except, indeed, for such an affair as Waterloo.

Dr. Scott. My conscience! but I think, Captain, such "*affairs*" as Waterloo are more suitable to the *heavy dragoons* than to the *Hussars:* an' I have na doubt but the gallant Marquis o' Anglesea wud tell ye the same thing.

Capt. Ploomer. 'Pon my honour, I don't know; we did very well, too; vastly well—a—but let us confine ourselves to Ireland, Doctor.

Col. Diamond. Yes, Doctor, to Ireland, if you please.

Dr. Scott. Weel, what objection have ye to that quarter?

Capt. Ploomer. Objection! my dear Sir! they shake hands with their friends, and absolutely eat breakfasts.

Cornet Canary. Oh, shocking!

Cornet Fairfax. Abominable!

Capt Tache. The Doctor is not to blame, considering the view he takes of the matter. Ireland may be a very good quarter; but the Commander-in-Chief ought to draw a line between the *mere* army and the *cream* of the cavalry.

All the Mess. Certainly—undoubtedly—decidedly.

Dr. Scott. I dinna ken that—I dinna ken that; the *cream* of the cavalry, as ye call it, did na mair under Pompey at the battle o' Pharsalia, than they did under Wellington at Waterloo.

[*A silence prevails during the application of three full pinches of snuff.*

Lieut. Honeywood. Pray, Doctor, may I ask you when *that* action was fought? Was it before the affair of Talavera?

Cornet Lilly. Yes, considerably previous.

Dr. Scott. Which action?—Waterloo?

Lieut. Honeywood. No, no; the other you mention.

Dr. Scott. What! the Battle of Pharsalia?

Lieut. Honeywood. Yes.

Dr. Scott (*having first taken snuff*). A wee bit afore that.

Cornet Lilly. Yes, yes, my dear Honeywood, considerably before that. I have heard my father speak of it.

Lieut. Honeywood. Pray, Mr. Lilly, how long ago may it have occurred?

Cornet Lilly. Oh, long before the American war. The Doctor, I dare say, can tell. How many years ago, Doctor?

Dr. Scott. As near as I can guess it is about forty-eight years—

Lieut. Honeywood. } (*interrupting*) Yes, about
Cornet Lilly. } forty-eight years ago—perfectly right.

Dr. Scott. No sae fast—

Cornet Lilly. It can't be much less, for my father—

Dr. Scott. Stay, stay, no sae fast, young gentleman. I say, as near as I can recollect, it occurred about forty-eight years *before Christ.*

Lieut. Honeywood. } *Before* Christ!
Cornet Lilly. }

Dr. Scott (*snuffing*). Ay, nae far fra' twa thoosand years ago.

[*There was now a general laugh, and all became suddenly learned on this point; even Lieut. Honeywood and Cornet Lilly, who now affected to say that they meant to quiz the Doctor; but most betraying blushes, and unlucky countenances belied the insinuation.*

Col. Diamond. John!

[*Colonel's servant advances two paces towards the Colonel.*

Servant. Sir!

Col. Diamond. Why don't the band play?

All the Mess. Ay, ay, the band—where's the band?

[*This question restored the countenances of the blushers to their ordinary hue; for the little discord was drowned in the harmonious call for one band.*

Servant. They have been in the hall since eight o'clock, Sir, waiting for orders to play.

Col. Diamond. Oh! ah! I ordered them not to play until after dinner. Tell them to proceed now. [*Exit Servant at a gallop.*

Major Flowers. That's a good idea, Colonel. We should be two hours later, certainly, than the heavy dragoons in this parti-cu-lar.

All the Mess. Certainly!—decidedly!—of course.

[*Band without begin to play Von Weber's favourite overture.*

Col. Diamond. Mess-waiter!

Waiter (advancing three paces towards the Colonel). Sir!

Col. Diamond. Tell the band-master to stop that, and to play "Lady Fanny's Hussar piece."

[*Exit Waiter in a trot.*

All the Mess. Bravo! Colonel, a good move.

Col. Diamond. Von Weber's music is very well, and the King patronizes it; but, 'pon my honour, Lady Fanny's Hussar is more elegant.

[*Band play a noise, in which several screams of the clarionet and groans of the trombone are prominent, during which the Mess beat*

time, or rather move their heads and fingers, occasionally commenting on the piece. At length the instruments cease to play, after a violent struggle of the bassoons.

Col. Diamond. Isn't it very good?

All. Excellent! Superb!

Cornet Small. Don't his Majesty like that piece, Colonel?

Col. Diamond. No: 'pon my honour.'

Major Flowers. You see, Colonel, his Majesty requires a little improvement; he is certainly a very good musician, and prefers the Rossinis and Von Webers; but really, I think Lady Fanny's piece *ought* to please *him*. It has a delightful mixture of movement.

Col. Diamond. Lady Fanny's is fine; and certainly, her ladyship has got a good *major-key* in you.

All the Mess. Bravo!—Hit again!—Bravo!—Bravo!

Dr. Scott. (*taking snuff*) Ecod I dinna like the thing at a'; it 's sic a mixture, that I canna mak heed or tail o't.

Cornet Small. 'Pon my honour, Doctor, you are a perfect Goth in taste.

Lieut. Rose. A Vandal, Sir.

Capt. Ploomer. Nothing but a Hun.

Dr. Scott. Weel, if I am a Goth, Hun, or Vandal, you ha' placed me in gude company; for you say his Majesty doesna like the piece. Noo I would ask what partic'lar merit Lady Fanny shows?

Col. Diamond. Merit, Sir!—a—the fact is, Lady Fanny is the best-dress'd woman in town.

All the Mess. Decidedly!

Major Flowers. Her ladyship's taste is undisputed: the Austrian knot on the fore part of our full dress pantaloons is from her design.

Col. Diamond. She discovered an error in the Astrachan fur collar of our pelisse,—suggested an improvement in the side-seams, welts, and hips: Besides, her Russian patterns of neck lines, sliders, and olivets, are lasting monuments of her refinement. Indeed she is a very superior sort of woman, and I 'll give you her health in a bumper.

[*Lady Fanny is drunk standing.*

Dr. Scott. But what music has she composed, Colonel?

Col. Diamond. Some excellent things, indeed: there's her song "*Come Charles to-night,*" which she dedicated to *me;* and there's her Bravura on the burning of Moscow; and her grand Hussar piece, which she has dedicated to *us.*—In short she is a woman of fine parts.

All the Mess. Oh, delightful!

Dr. Scott. Wud you sing ane o' her songs, Colonel?

Col. Diamond. Doctor, you *ought* to know that the *Nonpareils* never sing.

Dr. Scott. Vara weel—ha' it your ain way.

Capt. Bright. By the by, Lady Mary, her sister, gives a ball to-night.—Don't we go, Colonel?

Col. Diamond. I should like it, because the Lancers are to be there.—We *must* cut *them* out.

Major Flowers. Oh, certainly!—Decidedly!

Capt. Golding. The Lancers look very well: they have got a fair dress; but still they are mere light-dragoons. They are too new, and have not yet acquired the polish of the Hussars.

All the Mess. Certainly not! — mere light-dragoons!

Col. Diamond. Besides, they have lately lost ground.—It has gone abroad upon them. They can never hope to succeed.

Several of the Mess. How, pray Colonel?—What has happened?

Col. Diamond. They absolutely *dance.*

Major Flowers. I have heard the rumour.

Capt. Tuthe. Indeed!

Lieut. Lavender. Shocking!

Cornet Small. Horrible!

Col. Diamond. They dine so early as six, too.

All the Mess. Oh! Oh! that will never do.

Major Flowers. Besides, their scarlet trowsers are not wide enough; and I have seen positively a grey hair on one of their whiskers. In short, we must go to Lady Mary's ball, to cut them out at *once.*

All the Mess. Certainly, at once!

Colonel (*to his servant.*) John! I 'll dress at twelve; and d' y' hear, I 'll wear my long ball spurs.

Dr. Scott (*to his servant.*) Sandy!

Sandy. Ser.

Dr. Scott. Is there a fire in my room?

Sandy. Yes, Ser.

Dr. Scott. Gang then an' mak' a bason o' gruel, an'—d'ye hear?—take my snuff-box, an' fill it; an' put my slippers afore the fire.

(*Exit Sandy at a walk.*

Col. Diamond. What, off! Doctor.

Dr. Scott. Yes, I 'm gauin' to bed; an' if you a' consulted yer health an' yer pockets, ye wad do sae likwise.

All the Mess. Ha! ha! ha! Good night! Good night!

Dr. Scott. I tell ye what lads,—yer a' gude sodgers in spite o' yir claethes, an' yir gimcrackery, an' yir nonsense; for I 've seen some o' ye faight afore noo. Lord Wellington said that his dandy officers were the best o' a'; an' maybe they are as gude as others; but I tell ye what, it 's na' by turning naight into day, an' whisking aboot amangst a crood o' gigling lassies, that ye 'll improve yoursels in the art o' war, or the strength that is as useful an' necessary for it. Good naight to ye a'!

All the Mess. Good night, Doctor, good night.

(*Exit Dr. Scott.*

Col. Diamond. (after a short pause.) "There 's another star gone out."

Capt. Bright. Bravo! Colonel, a good quotation.

Cornet Lilly. Very good indeed!—(*in a whisper*) Pray from whom is it, Captain Bright?

Capt. Bright. From a very particular friend of mine—Lord Byron.

Major Flowers. I hope you have cut him. He is decidedly hostile to us.

Capt. Bright. I have never seen him since he left England. But I meant to cut him ever since he published his scurrility in the "Liberal." He first abused the army, and then became a soldier himself.

Col. Diamond. But, Major, what does Lady Mary's card say? Have you got one here?

Major Flowers. I have not.

Cornet Small. I have, Colonel, and here it is.

(*Gives a card.*

Col. Diamond—(*reads.*) "*Lady-a-um-compliments to the Officers of the Nonpareil Hussars.*"

Why, what 's all this? The *Officers* of the Non-pareil Hussars! I 'll not go.

All the Mess. Why not, Colonel? Why not?

Col. I 'm not invited.

All the Mess. Not invited!

Col. Diamond. No, I 'm not invited, and of course will not go. "*Officers*," indeed! the card should run thus—"*To* COLONEL DIAMOND, *and the Officers of the, &c.* Really it is a breach of etiquette that I cannot submit to.

Major Flowers. 'Pon my honour, Colonel, I do not think there can be any offence meant: pray let me entreat you to come.

Col. Diamond. No, Major, I feel—a—the—a—in short, it should have been to "the *Colonel* and the Officers." Don't you think so?

Major. Perhaps it would have been more particular; but I do not think it is of so much consequence, as to make you forego the delightful society of Lady Fanny; for her ladyship will be there to a certainty.

(*Colonel hums a tune.*

Do pray come, Colonel.

All the Mess. Yes, you must come, Colonel—

come—come—come—Colonel! Do Colonel—*do* come!

(*All stand up, except the Colonel.*

Col. Diamond. Well, as you all so *particularly* request it, I—a—will go; but, 'pon my honour! I am determined to notice the neglect in a proper manner to Lady Mary.

All the Mess. Bravo! Colonel! Bravo!

Capt. Golding. Pass the Madeira this way, Major; but first help yourself.

(*Each now takes a glass of Madeira—a Babel call for the servants immediately follows—"Tom! John! Jack! James!" and exeunt omnes, whistling and staggering.*

A DAUGHTER OF OSSIAN.

"Il y a encore une autre espèce de larmes qui n'ont que de petites sources, qui coulent et se tarissent facilement : on pleure pour avoir la réputation d'être tendre; on pleure pour être plaint ; on pleure pour être pleuré ; enfin, on pleure pour éviter la honte de ne pleurer pas."—*De la Rochefoucauld.*

Who treads upon the field of death? Who sighs upon the winds of the night, like the mourning ghost of the warrior, mingling its melancholy tones with the shrieks of the passing owl, that lonely flaps his pinions in the moonlight? Who walks amongst the slain? See, where the figure glides with heedless step, its white robe streaming like a mist of morning when the sun first glances on the mountain; now gazing on the pale moon,...now turning to the

paler faces of the dead. Who walks upon the bed of sleeping carnage? Who wakes the frighted night from her horrid trance, and thus tempts her terrors? Is it the restless spirit of a departed hero, or the ghost of the love-lorn maid? Is it light, or is it air? Ah no! it is not light, it is not air; it is not the ghost of the love-lorn maid; it is not the spirit of the departed hero. No, no, no, no!—'tis Mrs. Jenkins of the 48th!!!

And it *was* Mrs. Jenkins of the 48th. She, poor soul! was the victim of early impressions. She was cradled in romance, and nursed in air-built castles; she read of Ossian, and she became his adopted daughter; she read of Sir Walter, and she became his adopted niece; she was Lady Morgan's "sylph-like form," and her voice was one of Tom Moore's "Irish Melodies;" she could delight the eyes of the rude with tambour-work and velvet-painting; she could ravish their ears with a tune on the piano; she could finish a landscape in Indian ink, and play the "Battle of Prague" without a stop. The admiration of her doating parents, the envy of her

female acquaintances, angelic, charming Charlotte Clarke (now Mrs. Jenkins of the 48th) was all you could desire.

Charlotte was bred at Portarlington boarding-school; there did she form her mind—there did she learn that she had "a soul above buttons," and that love and glory were the "*be all and the end all*" of existence. Trade! fie,—contaminate not the ethereal soul—dim not the halo that surrounds such excellence, by the approach of such coarse and vulgar matter! Charlotte despised it, even as her father loved it and gave to it all his days.

Dublin is a martial city; the view of the royal barracks is a royal sight. There did she love to go and gaze, and listen to the band, until the tears stole down her lovely cheeks. She would then walk home, and weep, and sleep, and dream of epaulettes both gold and silver, of scarlet coats, of feathers and long swords. Her days (until after tea-time) were passed in reading Newman's novels, and practising the "*run*" of Braham. "HE *was famed for deeds of arms;* SHE *a maid of envied charms.*" "*Young Henry was as brave a youth.*"

"*Hark where martial music sounding far.*" These were her songs; she practised them in the morning with her hair in papers, and she sung them after supper, (whenever she was at a "*party*,") with her interesting curls upon her forehead, shading her blushes and the soft light of her languid eyes. She loved the Rotunda-gardens in the summer evenings, and she gloried in the ball, when winter hung upon the night; for both in gardens of Rotunda, and in light of ball-room, the red coats ever in her hopes, cut a figure in her eye, and a deeper in her heart. She went to the Dargle and the Waterfall, to *Pool Avoca*,* and Killyny (when ever she was invited), and among the Summer Sunday beauties of the scene, full well she did enact her part. Her life was one bright dream, beaming with sun-bright smiles and brighter tears. Her heart was tender, and her will was strong. Need it be said, that such a maid fell deeply in love? Alas! she did. The gentle Charlotte loved;—ah! deeply loved—but who she could not tell! It was a form and yet it was not matter, (no mat-

* Vale of Avoca.

ter, indeed, whether it was or not); it was a hero, all epaulettes and scarlet, white feathers, and still whiter pantaloons, set out with sword and belt and sash and gorget; a hero at all points, whose name, nevertheless, was not to be found in the army list: in short the being was a lovely paradox—a thing and yet a nothing, she saw it in her dreams, as well as in her wakeful hours; it never left her side waking or asleep; *there* was the form of her darling lover, like Moore's "Knight of Killarney," O'Donohue and his white horse on a May-day morning

"That youth who beneath the blue lake lies

* * * * * *

While white as the sails some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd thy long mane curls,
Fair steed, fair steed, as white and free."

dancing and prancing on the winds; there he was in a splendid uniform, (some say with *buff* facings, some say green,) and she woo'd it, and she woo'd it, till her cheek grew pale, and her eye lost half

its brightness. Every officer she met on the Mall was likened to her lover in her "mind's eye;" but they were not her lovers. Captains Thompson, Jones, and Pentilton; Lieutenants Jacobs, Raulins, and Flagherty; Ensigns Gibbs, Mullins, and Mortimer; all resembled the object of her love, but she refused to acknowledge their identity with it. At length young Jenkins, an Ensign of Militia, realized the aerial form she so long had loved. Yes, he did actually embody it; and at the holy altar, even in spite of crusty fathers

"Who make a jest of sweet affection,"

the amiable and adorable Charlotte Clarke became the gentle Mrs. Jenkins.

"War's clarion blew!" Napoleon and Wellington struggled like two giants for ascendancy. Ensign Jenkins volunteered into the line, and proceeded to the fields of Lusitania. Could Charlotte stay behind? No! the briny waters soon bore her, with her husband and seven other officers (all members of the mess), to Portugal. Ensign Jenkins was ordered to the front. Could Mrs. Jenkins stay behind? No! she braved the

fatigues of the march and the horrors of the battle, like a true heroine: she loved the 48th, and she would go along with it, through thick and thin. The parching sun, the drenching storm, the unmoistened biscuit, and the chill damp bivouac alike she would endure.—"*Love and Glory*" carried her through all. It was a sight worth all the jewels of romance to see—a thought worth all heaven to contemplate—the sight of Mrs. Charlotte Jenkins, like a "ministering angel," standing amidst the terrors of the field!

The battle raged; the slain were many; the regiment covered themselves with glory—but poor Jenkins fell! The moon arose upon the field of battle, and shone upon the dead—the fight was over. Could Mrs. Jenkins rest without her husband? Oh, no! Forth she hied to search out the body of her Jenkins, dead as he was, at the dead hour of night. She gazed at the moon—she gazed upon the slain—and she thought upon the days of her teens, of Newman's novels, and Portarlington.

A tender-hearted sympathetic soul, by name Captain Rogers of the Grenadiers, watched the

fair Charlotte's steps (for she had told him she would go and seek her Jenkins) and gently led her from the sickening scene.

Poor Jenkins was not found; but dead, no doubt he was, for there were several witnesses of his fall. He had fallen upon his face—the Sergeant lifted him from the earth, but he did not speak—life was no longer there; so the Sergeant left him lying on the field, for he had yet to knock some others down.

The truth struck strong upon fair Charlotte's heart; her bursting bosom was saved from rending by a well-timed flood of tears, which the Captain politely wiped away. "Cease, lady, cease this useless, unavailing grief," sighed the sympathetic Rogers; "if thou hast lost a husband, still are a thousand left for thy choice;—and though one Jenkins may be gone, another Jenkins may supply his place."

Oh! to be thus addressed amidst romantic war! and by a Captain, too, of Grenadiers!—I cannot, will not further—

Draw, draw the veil upon her weakness! But

stay, I must—I must reveal it—she was comforted; and not many nights passed o'er her widowed bed, till ..... married was Charlotte to her Rogers—as well as in the field they *could* be married, where parsons are but rare as all who know allow.

In joyous honeymoon the pair repaired to Lisbon (for Rogers was detached upon a special duty), mayhap because the blushing bride wished for retirement from a scene which must have ever reminded her of Ensign Jenkins. But be that as it may, a month had scarcely told its thirty days (or thirty-one, I know not which), when one dark night, such as the wolf delights in, a solemn knock was heard at the outer door of the house where rested Rogers and his lady, "Who comes?" The door is opened—a figure stands at the threshold.—It is Ensign Jenkins!!! O appalling sight! "A ghost, a ghost! my husband's ghost!" the frighted Mrs. Rogers cries; "Oh, take him from my sight!"

"No, thank you, Ma'am," replies the visitor; "I am no ghost, but Ensign Jenkins of the 48th!!!"

No more; I 'll say no more, and wherefore should I? Family affairs I leave as I find them; but this I must relate. The Ensign was not dead, but speechless when the Sergeant lifted him from off the turf; he had received a knock-down blow, but soon recovered and was taken prisoner on the field. From French captivity he then escaped; but ah! not time enough to save his lady love.

Oh cursed chance! that Sergeant's false and deadly report should thus put virtuous woman's love to proof!

REMARK.

If there be any romantic lady attached to the army, who sees in herself a close resemblance to the Ephesian matron, or my heroine, the Author beseeches she will not make it known; but let the tale and its allusions, and its moral, sink into "the tomb of all the *Jenkinses*."

When the 48*th regiment* was selected for the purpose of giving a local habitation to the Author's imaginary hero and his love, it was only

because that number came first to hand. Nothing could be further from his ideas, than to make the slightest disrespectful allusion to that corps, which, as is well known, was and is one of the finest in the service.

THE MULETEER.

LIGHT on the mountain was fading away,
Dimly 'twas closing the long summer's day;
But light on the heart of the muleteer shone,
Which brightened each step that his mule gallop'd on.
For long had he follow'd the dreary campaign,
Long sigh'd for the maid of his bosom again;
And when from the valley her home met his view,
His heart on before his mule rapidly flew.

Silent was night—but more silent the cot—
Ruin and waste was the village's lot:
The foot of the Frenchman there heavily trod—
The track was seen deep in the villager's blood.
The Muleteer called—but no voice could he hear,
He look'd for his love—but no woman was there;
The flash of despair though his brain wildly flew,
And he wept o'er the ruins of all that he knew.

Wept not he long; for the flame of his woe
Burnt every thought, but revenge on the foe;
His mule wild he turn'd on the hills of Navarre,
He girded his sword, and he flew to the war.

There, loud—as he gave each invader his doom,
He call'd on his love—on his country—his home;
But the death-ball at last through his sad bosom sped,
And the muleteer sunk with the slain of his blade.*

This little ballad has its origin in the following pathetic story, which I heard from the only surviving relative of the unfortunate muleteer—his mother. It was in the town, or rather village of Ernani, on the high road from Tolosa to France, that the old widow beguiled a winter's night with the recital of it, at her poor but hospitable hearth, when I was on the march to Fontarabia, in the last of our peninsular campaigns. The poor woman supported herself by selling cider, butter, cheese, &c. to the passing armies of both French and English, and her house, as well as others, served

* These verses are adapted to a Spanish glee, usually sung by the muleteers, and set for four voices. Those who have been in Spain during the British war there, will recollect the air by the following popular gingle, sung mostly by the muleteers while travelling.

"General Morillo
Es su division,
Rumpe la cabeça
De Napoleon."
Tre lo ri, tri lo, &c.

as a quarter for the soldiers. She was one of the few who remained in the village; or rather who returned to it, after it was first sacked by the French; for she had lost all, and had nothing more to fear. About four years had elapsed since her son's death; and her grief had changed to a settled melancholy. Still the recital of her calamities drew tears from her.

Her son was a muleteer, who traded between Pampalona and Passages—a young man of about twenty-three years of age: he was employed by others, as well as on his mother's account, who was a widow left in a considerable business, to manage for herself and infant son, whom she bred up to industrious habits; and she had succeeded in laying by a small provision for the future, when Napoleon's ambition, which, in 1808, sent a French army into Spain, extended its baneful effects even to her humble dwelling.

The house in which this widow dwelt, was situated at the extremity of the village. It must have once been a most enchanting little home to an unambitious mind; for even at the time I saw it, ruin as it was, its garden trodden down, its trees bro-

ken and torn up, its fences destroyed, and its walks disfigured—a charm lingered over it that caught every passenger's attention. The scenery around gave it a peculiar beauty: the blue mountains, the dark valleys, the luxuriance of foliage, the deep green dell, the falling water, and the clear sky still remained;—these the soldiers of France could not destroy, and from such scenery did the wreck of the widow's cottage derive its rural halo. It reminded me of the fair Ophelia in her ruin,—so beautiful, so scathed and sorrowful! If a picture of the spot were painted by a Salvator Rosa, it would afford a melancholy pleasure to every beholder; but the reality—the poor widow and her breaking heart, gave too much pain to render a visit to her cheerless home at all enviable.

To have seen her sitting in the only tenantable apartment of her once comfortable cottage, thinly but cleanly clad—a white apron and kerchief covering the half worn out black stuff gown; two broken chairs, a crazy table, a straw pallet, and a few earthen panella's,* forming all her furniture; to have contemplated the fixed me-

* Cooking-pots.

lancholy of her thin, worn, but once handsome countenance, her gentle manners, and her patient submission to the will of Heaven, under the deepest affliction—and yet to have been unable to alleviate her distress, could give no pleasure to the heart, unless to those who love to sympathise with grief and drop a tear with the unfortunate. Yet even such would have involuntarily said, on quitting the melancholy scene, "I wish I had not heard the poor old widow's story."

Her son Diego the muleteer, when the French first entered Spain, under the orders of Buonaparte, was about twenty-two years of age, and had the reputation of being an exemplary young man, obedient, and affectionate to his mother—his only relation, except an uncle, who also resided in Ernani, and whose farm the young muleteer no doubt would have inherited, after his death, had he survived him.

Under the uncle's auspices, Diego had courted a young girl, nearly related to a respectable family, at the head of which was a clergyman residing in the convent of St. Ignatio de Loyola,

but a few leagues from Ernani. The girl's father lived within a hundred yards of Diego and his mother, and from infancy the young couple became attached to each other.

Although the employment of a muleteer is, in general, considered beneath the class to which Diego's sweetheart belonged, yet there was no objection to her marriage, on account of the excellent character the young man bore, and the expectations which he had of future success in life. The marriage would have taken place as soon as a house, which the muleteer's uncle was building, might be completed. In this house the young couple were to have resided, and to it was attached an excellent farm, to be managed by him for the uncle. These happy arrangements, alas! were broken by the columns of the French army. Like mountain torrents they poured over the Pyrenees, sweeping the rustic comforts of the peaceful Spaniards before them. Requisitions for cattle and carriages were enforced, and Diego, amongst many, was obliged to march with his mules along with the invading army, wherever his directors thought fit.

Short was the time allowed for the sad yet endearing farewell of the lovers, and the interchange of blessings between the mother and the son. The uncle and the widow accompanied him a league beyond the village; but the poor girl, who now for the first time felt the bitterness of life, remained weeping at home, almost dead with grief; which was not alleviated by the return of Diego's mother and uncle, whose first care, after parting with the youth, was to go to her he loved so well. The house—the whole village was a place of mourning; for every family, in some way or other, had but too much cause for sorrow.

Poor old woman! when she told me of the last moment she passed with her lost son, she sobbed as if her heart would have burst. "Oh!" said she, "I was giving my dear child a prayer-book and a silk handkerchief, for the sake of remembrance, when one of the dragoons struck him with the flat of his sword, and ordered him to go on; he could only say, 'God bless you, mother!'. . . . I never saw him again."

For six months after this separation, the family

of Diego heard no tidings of him; for, no doubt, his letters, as well as theirs, were opened and destroyed by the invaders; however, at the end of that time, a muleteer, who had been pressed along with Diego, returned, by permission, to die from ill health, and he brought letters from him to the almost despairing friends. It appeared by these, that he was along with the army in the south of Spain, and had but little hopes of being able to return to his beloved Joanna, his relatives, and his projected farm-house, for at least another half-year; but he did not even at that period return—nor for upwards of a year after.

During this absence Mina and his intrepid Guerillas were incessant in their annoyance of the French, throughout the province in which the widow lived; frequently surprising strong parties of the enemy, even in the town of Ernani. So desperate were these warriors, that they would often appear on the high and broken hill, close under which the city of Tolase stands; and when the French regiments were on parade beneath them in the square, would open an unexpected volley of musketry on them, which never failed in

taking good effect; and before they could be subject to retaliation they were generally off. It was an attack of this description, headed by Mina, which afforded a pretence for the destruction of Ernani.

The Guerillas had halted there for half a day, and furnished themselves with provisions. A French regiment, hot from Bayonne, and eager for plunder, marched in, as Mina's men marched out; and at an ambuscade upon the road, received a most annoying fire from the Guerillas, without being able to pursue them. The regiment immediately commenced the work of destruction in the village:—the houses were sacked and set on fire; the inhabitants murdered; and, amongst the general ruin, was the widow's cottage. Diego's uncle was sabred in his own house, and the innocent girl, who was all to the absent muleteer, still more cruelly treated. Her poor father, in protecting her from the brutal violence of the soldiers, was shot through the head, and the unhappy girl herself died in three weeks after at Escotia, a village in the Basque mountains, whither she and the mother of Diego fled. Her eyes were closed

by the widow's hand, and her last words were her "*dear, dear Diego!*"

Shortly after the sacking of the village the Muleteer returned. He had deserted with great difficulty from the southern army, taking with him his favourite mule; and was pacing in the highest possible spirits, singing along the road from Tolosa, when the tops of the houses, amongst which his early and happy days were passed, met his eye. It was in the evening. The sight of his own Joanna's home, and of his beloved mother's cottage, made him urge on his mule. Light was his heart and light his song; he was then about to enjoy, as he thought, the happiest hours of his existence. It was quite dark when he arrived;—he rode up to the house of his Joanna; there was no light—no sound: he entered trembling, for there was no door, and his brain reeled as he beheld in the twilight the ruins of the house. He ran to his mother's cottage, this was no better; distracted then he entered the village;—all was desolate,—no living creature but a wild dog crossed his way. He entered his uncle's house, and there upon the floor lay the murdered body,

naked and bruised; he lifted it up, and by the grey light from a sashless window recognized the features of his uncle. The truth now flashed on him: this scene of horror was only one of those which he was forced to witness while with the army from which he had deserted. For a few moments he was senseless, but this only preceded the tempest of his mind;—he ran back to his mule, mounted, and galloped to Rinteria, about a league distant. Here the first persons he met outside the town were two French soldiers; in a moment he was off his mule, and before time for a thought had passed, they both lay bleeding at his feet: he killed them with his cochillo; there was but little noise, for they never spoke. Breathless and raging, he remounted, and rode on to the house of one he had known—a former companion; there he learned the fate of his Joanna,—that both she and his mother were dead. Diego's hands were covered with blood; and as he cursed the authors of Ernani's destruction, he exultingly showed to his friend the red drops of retribution, and told him that he had already struck down two of the invaders to the earth. The young man, to

whom he confessed this circumstance, was the person who afterwards informed his mother of it. He declared that such was the state of Diego's mind, when he came to him at Renteria, that he would have destroyed himself, but for the satisfaction he felt in having killed the Frenchmen. I conversed with this young man at Renteria afterwards, for he returned to his home when the British arrived at Passages.

The alarm was now beginning to spread. Diego's friend was not less the enemy of the French than himself. Mina was in the mountains. Two excellent horses were in the stable of Diego's friend, belonging to a French colonel: these, with a brace of pistols and two swords, they seized during the absence of the servants; and, together with Diego's mule, forded the river, and took a by-way across the hill, towards the Tolosa road; the favourite mule was turned loose in a fertile valley, and the next day both the travellers came up with Mina's party, which they joined with a shout of "Viva Espagna!"

Many a Frenchman fell by the hand of Diego—he had lost all; he only lived to avenge the de-

struction of his home and his happiness. No Guerilla was before him in the attack,—he was the first in, and the last out of the battle: and if gratified revenge could compensate for the ruin of tender affections, Diego was amply satisfied. But no, nothing could appease him,—the thought of his misery burned like Ætna's fires within his breast,—no blood could extinguish it. With only seven or eight others, he has been known to have surprised a party of French soldiers three times that number. Often has he watched their movements dressed as a simple muleteer, and when any favourable opportunity has occurred, he would hasten back to his companions, buckle on his sword, and return, thus reinforced, to attack any straggling band of the enemy drinking in a wine house, perhaps, or otherwise off their guard. To set fire to the house, and then dash in upon their victims and slaughter them, before they were aware of their danger, was a very usual mode of proceeding with Diego and his associates; after which exploits the Guerillas would disappear as rapidly as they had come.

At one of these attacks the Muleteer met his

death. His friend was beside him when he fell, and from him I heard the fight described. The Guerillas consisted of between fifty and sixty prisoners, and had received information that some mules loaded with valuables, and escorted by a company of French infantry, were on their way from Bilboa to Bayonne, and had not yet passed a defile in the mountains about two leagues and a half from the former city. Through this defile runs a narrow river close to the high road. On one side of this road and river rises a rugged mountain, whose steep sides are abruptly broken in several parts, and at others hang out over the depth below. In various shelves of the height are to be seen full-grown trees, the roots of which stretch out from the broken earth, and serve for the support of creeping and climbing underwood. This bold mountain continues unintersected for at least half a mile; and as the opposite side of the road beneath is equally flanked by rocks, the invaders, in forcing this passage, were wholly at the mercy of the enemy above: and before they took the precaution of securing the heights, whole divisions were often cut off by a handful of men,

who would deliberately march on with the French column, firing upon it as often as they could load, doing the greatest execution.

To this pass, then, hastened the Guerilla party, and arrived about an hour before the mules and escort appeared in sight. As soon as the French had advanced well into the defile, the Guerillas appeared above on the heights, dismounted, and opened fifteen muskets upon them. The fire was returned, but with no effect; for one step backwards brought the Guerillas under cover of the craggy verge of the height. The French increased their speed to double quick time, but the Guerillas kept up such a fire upon them, that twenty men out of about seventy, were strewed along the road, dead or wounded. The Guerillas now laid down their muskets, mounted, and fell in with the remainder of their own men, in order to get before the French, and thus finish the business by a charge. They trotted on, and headed the escort very soon. They now descended to the road, and lay in ambush about a quarter of a mile from the enemy. A projecting arm of a rock, covered with trees, concealed them from the French, whose column was now passing,

and in a moment, a most desperate charge from the Guerillas broke them up. The mules took fright and increased the confusion, while the sabres of the Spaniards finished in a very short time the bloody affair. Diego's horse was in the midst of the French, and there fell with him, wounded. He fought on foot with both dagger and sabre, and had just brought to his feet a French sergeant, when one of the men who lay near him, wounded from his sabre, levelled his piece at Diego, and shot him through the breast. He was the only one his brave party lost, while every single Frenchman was either killed by them or the peasants, who gladly finished what the Guerillas began.

This was the fate of the unhappy Diego. He did not die for an hour after he fell. His comrades carried him into the mountains, and there he breathed his last. But before he died, he took from his pocket the prayer-book and the silk handkerchief which his mother gave him the day he parted from her, and consigned them, as his last gift of friendship, to his companion, with a request that he would offer a mass for his poor mother's soul, and never cease to pursue the French with vengeance while they had a foot in

Spain. Then kissing the lock of hair, which he held, he said "Do not take this out of my hand when I am dead, but bury it with me: it is the hair of my own dear Joanna."

His wish was obeyed, and he was buried just as he lay, under a wild chestnut-tree, where a Frenchman had never trod. Peaceful be the bed of the Guerilla for ever! May the invader never disturb the grass that waves over his dust!

When the poor widow had told me the short history of her hapless son, she went to a little box, and with the tears streaming down her pale cheeks, brought me the handkerchief and the prayer-book; —"There," says she, "is all I have left of my poor son!" She staggered with grief and debility as she walked across the room with the treasure of her heart. I took them with reverence, and concealed my tears by examining them; for I will not deny it, I could not help weeping. The poor woman sat down, and rocked herself to and fro in silent grief, while I turned over the leaves of the prayer-book without knowing why I did so. At this moment my servant entered the room to prepare supper, and I left the house to indulge in my thoughts for half an hour alone amongst the ruins of Ernani.

RATIONS, OR ELSE!!

GENERAL Picton, like Otway's *Pierre*, was a "bold rough soldier," that stopped at nothing; he was a man whose decisions were as immutable, as his conceptions were quick and effective, in all things relative to the command which he held. While in the Peninsula, an assistant commissary, (commonly called assistant-commissary *General*, the rank of which appointment is equal to a Captain's,) through very culpable carelessness, once failed in supplying with rations the third division under General Picton's command; and on being remonstrated with by one of the principal officers of the division, on account of the deficiency, declared, with an affected consequence unbecom-

ing the subject, "that he should not be able to supply the necessary demand for some days." This was reported to the General, who instantly sent for the Commissary, and laconically accosted him with :—

"Do you see that tree, Sir?"

"Yes, General, I do."

"Well, if my division be not provided with rations to-morrow, by twelve o'clock, I'll *hang* you on that very tree."

The confounded Commissary muttered, and retired. The threat was alarming: so he lost not a moment in proceeding at a full gallop to head quarters, where he presented himself to the Duke of Wellington, complaining most emphatically of the threat which General Picton had held out to him.

"Did the General say he would *hang* you, Sir?" demanded his Grace.

"Yes, my Lord—he did," answered the complainant.

"Well, Sir," returned the Duke, "if he said so, believe me he *means* to do it, and you have no remedy but to provide the rations!"

The spur of necessity becomes a marvellous useful instrument in sharpening a man to activity: and the Commissary found it so; for the rations were all up, and ready for delivery, at twelve o'clock the next day.

INFERNAL DUTY.

" Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither."
Shakspeare.

CAPTAIN Thompson, of the artillery, while serving in the Peninsula, had the luck to lose, in the space of one campaign, every man of the heavy brigade which he commanded, some by sickness, but most by the enemy; and he found himself at last, not only the *captain* of the brigade, but, in his own person, the *brigade itself.* Finding, however, that a commanding officer, without men to command, was neither useful nor ornamental, he applied personally to the Adjutant-general, for advice under the circumstances, observing, that he wished to be appointed to some other duty.

The Adjutant-general, at the moment the application was made to him, happened to be proceeding across the village in which they were quartered, to Lord Wellington; and said he would speak to his Lordship, requesting Thompson to call on him, for the purpose of knowing the Commander of the forces' will on the subject. When the Adjutant-general mentioned the matter to Lord Wellington, his Lordship was very busy with a map of the Peninsula, and did not give any answer regarding the captain and his *brigade;* but continued to attend to the subject he was then engaged with.

At length the Adjutant-general got up to retire, and amongst other things, asked his Lordship again, where he should send Captain Thompson; "Oh, send him to h—ll," was the reply, and the interview ended.

When the last man of the brigade called upon the Adjutant-general, to know the result of his application, he was accosted by that officer in a grave and official manner:—

"Captain Thompson," said he, "I am sorry we are going to lose you; and still more sorry to

learn the sort of duty which the Commander of the forces has assigned to so deserving an officer."

The Captain, who was a most gallant and deserving, but hot-tempered and impetuous man, interrupted the Adjutant-general thus: "God bless me! I hope his Lordship is not going to send me home."

"I don't know that," was the answer.

"I 'm sure I have done my duty since I have joined his Lordship's army," continued the Captain, "and I trust I shall not be so far negatively disgraced."

"My dear Captain," replied the Adjutant-general, "it is not a very disgraceful duty to which you are appointed, considering the very respectable men who have preceded you upon it. The fact is, that the Commander of the forces, knowing you to be a *devil of a fire-eater*, has directed us to send you to *h—ll*, and here is your route," handing him an official direction of the marches by which he was to arrive at his destination.

The stages mentioned in the route were whimsical in the extreme, and there were several good

points made; the last-mentioned place on the road was *London.*

When Thompson read the paper, his weather-beaten jaws relaxed into a smile; and putting the document into his pocket, he drily remarked, that Lord Wellington had always been in the habit of giving him *hot work.* "It is not the first time," said he, "that I was sent to *clear the way* for him; however, when I arrive, I'll look out for *warm quarters* for his Lordship and *staff.* But there is a mistake in the route, I suspect; you see '*London*' is the last stage mentioned."

"Yes," replied the Adjutant-general, "and depend upon it that is the nearest way to the infernal regions."

"Excuse me," rejoined Thompson, "there is a much better."

"What is that?" asked the other.

"Why," said the Captain, "*Wellington,* to be sure."

The joke was soon carried to the Commander of the forces, and his Lordship, with the best humour in the world, changed Thompson's route, and took him off the *infernal* duty to which he had previously ordered him.

NIGHTS IN THE GUARD-HOUSE.

No. II.

" Hoo' comes it, that ye ha' got an' extra guard the naight, Mulligan—Eh?"

" Musha 'pon my sowl, Sargeant M'Fadgen, it's becaise the Captain ordthered it."

" Poh! mun, I ken that weel; but the Captain wonna gi' ye' a guard for naething, wad he?"

" No, faith! it 's *something* to me; for I 've had three this week before; that is, three nights' out o' bed in my reglar juty; so isn't it something to be ordthered another night by way o'recreation?"

" Aweel, but what ha' ye been doin, lad?"

" Faith! I was doin' nothing at all; an' it was for that I got my guard."

"Hoo 's that ?"

"I was ordthered to put out the light in my barrack-room every night at nine o'clock, an' I did not do it last night—that 's all."

"But you were doin' a wee bit o' something, I 'll warrant, Pat. Ye war a liften yer han' to your muzzle—eh ?"

"O ! that 's nothing at all at all. We had a dthrop to be sure. That fellow over there on the stool—(*you*, mister Jack Andrews, I mane)—kept a tellin' us such stories, that I forgot the time entirely. Hooh ! the divil may care—Jack is here now, and Corporal Callaghan to boot ; so what signifies a guard, if they 'll only tip us a bit of a song : what do you say, Sargeant—eh ?"

"Why, Pat, I 've no objection to that, if there be no muckle noise aboot it."

Thus spoke the Sergeant, and his worthy private, Mulligan : the latter, by way of punishment, was ordered to an extra guard, for being a little out of rule, as above-mentioned ; but his punishment was given him by an Officer who had fought and bled with him, and who regarded him with kindly feelings. Pat's delinquency was reported

to the Captain by the Orderly Officer, and he could do no less. However, there was not a better nor a more respected man in the corps, than Patrick Mulligan, of the grenadier company. Like many other good soldiers, he was fond of society and the all-powerful potyeen. So when the Orderly Officer was going round at nine o'clock, he put the light under a wooden pale, and when all was, as he thought, safe, he returned to the convivial glass with his comrades; but the officer was one of those pipe-clay martinets, just joined from the half-pay of a militia regiment, and although he had never seen in his life as much actual service as poor Pat had done in one month of his existence, (and perhaps knew much less in reality about the duties of a soldier,) he stole back to the barracks, and surprised the party of carousing Peninsulars. His report was made, and the men were punished.

The practice of keeping lights in the barrack rooms, after the proper hour for extinguishing them, cannot be justified; but there are infractions of general rules in the army, which, if not to be tolerated, should not be sought after with too scrutinizing an eye. A good officer knows when

to pry and when to keep his eyes shut; but that was not the case with Pat Mulligan's Orderly Officer.

"Weel Jock," said the Corporal, "ye maun gi' us a lilt—you or the Corporal."

"With all my heart," replied Jack Andrews, "if Corporal O'Callaghan is willing to join in with his second."

"Faith! I 've no objection in the world to conthribute to the harmony of the guard, if my voice doesn't frighten you, lads."

"Neever mind, Corporal, your voice is na so bad as the Highland pipes, nor yet so loud. But before ya begin, here tak' a——"

It is impossible to say what the Sergeant offered the Corporal; but it has been since seriously hinted at by Pat Mulligan, and some others. Whatever it was, I have no business to blab—even if I thought it nothing less than pure Inishowen: however, when compliments had passed, and all the men were comfortably seated round the fire, the Corporal and Jack Andrews sung the following verses to a beautiful Biscayan air:—

THE FRIAR OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

Deep the matin-bell toll'd from Benedict's tower,
Long the Friar alone had sighed for the hour,
When all were at rest—
All but the gentlest lady of Spain
Who loved him the best.
In secret he gave her his passion again,
Unholy, unblest:
His lamp of religion was clouded by love,
Too thick and too dark to be seen from above!

Soon the Friar's boat came her bower beneath,
While Sebastian's rock was silent as death,
And gloomy, and steep.
Soft she descended, while, close to her breast,
Her baby lay asleep;
Gentlest innocent, long is thy rest,
Long, long in the deep!
O Friar! the depth of Sebastian's wave
Cannot cover the crime or the little one's grave.

Light the little boat skimmed the moon-covered sea,
Guilt fell dark on the dawn that pointed their way.
Woe followed their flight:
Soon they were brought to St. Benedict's tower—
The deed came to light.
Down to the dungeon the lovers they bore
On St. Benedict's night.
The lamp of religion had scarcely a ray
To chase the deep gloom of their prison away.

None can tell of the fate that either befell;
Yet on holy record 'tis noted full well
In Benedict's tower.
Often the sentinel, trembling, fears
The matin-bell hour:
Often the sentinel fancies he hears
Heaven's punishing pow'r;
And the moans of dying grow loud in his mind,
As the Friar and Lady flit by on the wind.

At the conclusion of this ballad, the door of the guard-house flew open, and the noise which it made, together with the sudden flapping of the window-shutters, astonished the whole guard, and terrified one or two. The wind roared, the night was as dark as chaos, and the song had wound the soldiers' minds up to a climax. They, for an instant, forgot themselves, when the door was thrown open. Perhaps they expected a visit from the Friar himself, accompanied by the Lady, to remonstrate with them on the impropriety of thus disturbing their departed spirits. There was no very great demonstration of fear; but even soldiers—and soldiers used to behold the dying and the dead, cannot be always prepared against the effects of romance and music allied against them. None fell from their seats, nor was any stool over-

turned; but there was a certain shuffling and huddling up together, which sufficiently demonstrated to the sentry at the door, that his trick (for *he* was the ghost that opened the door,) had the effect he intended. He laughed without, and the guard laughed within; but none had the *right of laugh* except the sentry himself; which, to do him justice, he rightly enjoyed.

"Shut the door, then, God dom ye! for a blatherinskate, and mind yar duty," roared out Sergeant M'Fadgen to the sentry, who obeyed the peremptory words as soon as he had expended his laugh in the dark; and order thus being restored, Jack Andrews was unanimously requested to tell the story of the "*Friar and the Lady*," as he heard it at St. Sebastian: to this he assented, and gave it in something like the following words:—

"You all know, lads, that when the storming of the town was over, we took the duty there. Well, in the house where I was quartered, there lived nobody but an old couple: the man had been a smuggler, and had once been a prisoner of war in England, so that he managed by his

intercourse with British and Americans, to speak English pretty tolerably. The old woman was a regular Basquentian mountaineer, with scarcely a bit of flesh on her bones, and not less than eighty years of age. This old couple had returned to St. Sebastian to occupy the house of a leather-seller, who retired from the town before the siege. And the house was certainly in a complete state of dilapidation, with the exception of the ground-floor; it had been on fire during the siege, and although the flames had not made much havoc in it, yet the shot and shell had done enough to reduce it to a complete wreck. Here I used to sit with the old pair of a night, talking of various subjects, and it was from the old man I heard the particulars of the '*Friar and the Lady.*' He told me that his wife lived in the capacity of waiting-maid with the heroine of the tale, and that the convent of St. Benedict, to which the friar belonged, was in the same street where we then resided. The convent in which the young lady lived was at the extremity of the town, near the sea, which the back windows looked out

upon, from an elevated rock. You have all seen the rock, yourselves.

"The young lady was about seventeen years of age; she had been admitted as a novice in the convent of Santa Clara, and was to be made a nun in about ten or twelve months after the period of her becoming acquainted with the friar. He was on very familiar terms with the mother abbess, as well as the whole of the establishment; for he was universally celebrated for piety and wisdom: his age was about thirty-five. This *holy* gentleman managed matters so that he got the better of the novice's virtue, and the consequences were that she became pregnant: they contrived to conceal all appearances of her frailty; and the holy father, in order to preserve his reputation, prevailed upon the novice to elope with him, under a promise of removing her to Italy, whither he proposed to follow her, and to settle in that country. The night was fixed for carrying this plan into effect, —this was about a week before the day on which she was to take the veil—the friar procured a boat, and with it came to the back of the convent.

at midnight,; the novice was prepared, and bade adieu to the walls of her sisterhood for ever. She entered the boat, and the friar easily rowed it along the coast towards the port of Passages, for it was a fine moonlight night, and the sea was as bright as a looking-glass. Before they had proceeded many yards from the beach the young lady became ill, and in half an hour was delivered of a fine boy in the boat: there were no clothes for the little stranger, and the friar was determined it should not long require them, for he sunk it remorselessly into the deep water close to the rocks, and ended all its wants in a moment.

The baby was washed on shore next morning stiff and dead. There was a black silk band, with a clasp, twisted round its little leg, by accident, or more likely by the providence of God, for it was recognized as belonging to the unfortunate novice of St. Clara's convent. Enquiries soon took place; the guilty friar and his victim were discovered at an obscure house in the town of Passages, and taken back to St. Sebastian. The influence of the clergy prevented a public trial for the murder, lest the holy church should be scan-

dalized; but neither Friar nor Lady were ever afterwards seen, and it is believed to this day, that they were either privately put to death, or imprisoned in the Convent for life. The old woman declares they were chained in separate dungeons, and starved to death; but this only rests upon her own assertion; however, most of the people of St. Sebastian implicitly believe that the ghosts of both visit the sea-shore every full moon; and so much did their stories about "*The Friar and the Lady*" affect one of our lads, that it nearly killed him."

"Wha' dy' ye' mean," said the Sergeant.

"I mean John Thomas, the Welshman. You remember we were on guard one night after the siege of St. Sebastian, on the top of the high hill in the middle of the town, where the fort stands, and into which the French retired. Well, this John Thomas was sentry; he was then only a raw boy, just come from among the goats and ghosts of his native mountains. It was exactly twelve o'clock, and a fine moonshine night. You could see the wide Bay of Biscay below your feet; the high Pyrenees, all misty on the right; and close under you the ruined town. I suppose the young

fellow was superstitious; but be that as it may, he burst into the guard-room without his musket, fell down on the floor, against which he cut his forehead, and struggled in a fit for half an hour. He was taken down to the regimental hospital, and had three fits before the next morning. When he came quite to himself, he declared that he saw the Friar of St. Sebastian and the Lady beside him on the hill, and that the Friar held a dead infant in his hand, which he dashed down into the sea. Of course, this vision was the effect of his boyish fears and superstition; but it certainly is a fact that the lad nearly lost his life by it, for I heard our doctor himself say so. The poor fellow was afterwards killed at the sortie of Bayonne."

"I remember the lad weel, Jock; but wha made the sang aboot it?" demanded Sergeant M'Fadgen.

"The Captain himself wrote the song," replied Andrews, "and Corporal O'Callaghan taught me the air."

"By my sowl," said O'Callaghan, "I never hard an air I like betther. I used to sit for hours listening to the boat-women all singing it in chorus.

I used to cross with them from Passages to Renteria of an evening, for no other purpose than to hear them."

"Haud yer tongue, Corporal," observed Sergeant M'Fadgen. "It's na' for a sang that ye wad stay sae lang amongst a parcel o' bonny lasses like them."—

"TURN OUT THE GUARD!" roared the sentry: and out the guard turned, leaving Patrick Mulligan in quiet possession of the old arm chair, and a blazing fire.

THE FATE OF YOUNG GORE.

Stars that shine and fall,
The flower that droops in springing;
These, alas! are types of all—
To which our hearts are clinging.

Moore.

Eight bullets pierced this young man's body! In the full light of glory and in the warm lap of love he died, esteemed, honoured, wept, in the blossom of his youth, and in the pride of manly beauty!

Young Gore was a captain in the 51st regiment, and, I have heard, a son of the Earl of Annan. He fought at the battle of Vittoria, and it was in that town, a few days after the fight, that I first saw him, as well as the fair and soft black-eyed girl who was the innocent cause of his death.

When the sanguinary and memorable fight was

at an end, a few officers, of necessity, remained in the town. In consequence of this battle, the Constitution was published on the Sunday succeeding it, in the main square or market-place, with great pomp and rejoicing. In addition to bull-fights * and public dancing upon the platform erected in the square for proclaiming the Constitution, a ball was given in the evening expressly to the British officers then in the town, at which all the inhabitants of consequence at-

* These were not, properly speaking, the true Spanish bull-fights, for there was not a convenient place for such an entertainment; but exhibitions much less harmless and more exhilarating. The four gates of the square were shut at twelve o'clock in the day, enclosing a vast concourse of people within an area of about the same extent as one of the smaller squares in London, on each side of which the houses were supported by piazzas. At a given signal, one of seven bulls was let in amongst the people, who fled, of course, at his approach, with the exception of two or three expert men, armed with a small dart and a red cloak; the latter to deceive the animal and cover his eyes, as he fiercely ran at it; while the former was to serve as an irritating instrument against him, in order to increase his fury. When the animal was quite wearied with running after the populace, he was withdrawn, and another bull, fresh and fierce, was let in. Thus they continued until six o'clock; and, considering the nature of the exhibition, it is astonishing that but few received any injury.

tended. At this ball I first saw Captain Gore; he was then, apparently, about twenty-two or three years of age, and as handsome a young man as ever I beheld; his hair was a light brown, and hung in a profusion of graceful ringlets; he was of a florid complexion, about the middle size, compact, yet light, and in the beautiful uniform of the 51st, a light infantry regiment, faced with green and gold; he was decidedly the most striking figure in the ball-room; and, in addition to this, was the best dancer amongst the English officers—nay as good as any of the Spanish and French* who exhibited on that evening their saltatory powers. Whether it was that our English style of dancing at that time wanted something to be added to its grace by a communication with the Continent or not, I will not pretend to say; but certain it is, that my countrymen were not so happy in plucking the laurels from the French that night in the dance, as they had been a few days before in the fight.

* Several French prisoners of war (chiefly surgeons) appeared that night in the ball-room, and mingled as cordially with their *enemies* as if they had been their best friends.

With qualifications such as I have described, it is not to be wondered at if the eyes and hearts of many fair ladies followed the young captain: it would rather have excited wonder if they had not. The warm hearts of the Spanish *Siguioritas* Sc are but too susceptible to the charms of Love when his godship dresses in British regimentals.

My friend D., of the 13th light-dragoons, and I, were admiring the waltzers of the evening, when he observed to me that the young officer of the 51st was not only the best dancer, but had the prettiest and best partner; "and," said he, "I think the lady seems quite smitten with him; they have been partners the whole of the evening." From this observation I was led to remark the young lady more closely than I had done before, and the result in my mind was, that Captain Gore was blest with a partner the most bewitching in all Spain, and that *he* was of the same opinion. She was about seventeen, rather *en bon point*, and middle-sized; large, dark, and languishing eyes; black, glossy ringlets, with a beautifully fair skin; she was dressed in the graceful black costume of her country, and appeared a personification of the

Beauty of a Castilian romance; her manners were gentle, and with Captain Gore as her partner, she attracted the admiration of every one present.

Where is the moralist who has looked into the book of nature, and will say that they were culpable in loving each other, although circumstances wholly forbade their union? Let us draw a veil over the weakness of human nature, when opposed by such powerful influences as those which surrounded these young persons. Let us not, with the austerity of mature and experienced wisdom censure, but pity them, circled as they were with a glowing halo of youth and love. They loved—marriage was impossible:—she left her father's house and fled to him, while he vowed to protect her with his life, even unto the end of it. This happened in about three weeks after the ball.

The lady's father at first knew not of the rash step which his daughter had taken, but soon learnt the distressing truth; he became almost frantic, and applied to the authorities for their interference, representing young Gore as a seducer and a heretic. The authorities (a very inferior description of men at that time) imme-

diately ordered a sergeant's guard (Spanish) to accompany the father to the quarters of the captain: they arrived—his apartments were on the first floor—and the soldiers were already in the court-yard below. Gore was informed of the intended purpose, through a Spanish domestic of the house he lived in. His own servant, a brave and determined soldier, hurried to the apartment in which his master was, with his bayonet drawn, and observed that there would be no great difficulty in driving away the "Spanish fellows below," if necessary. The young lady clung to Captain Gore for protection, and besought him not to give her up; declaring that she would never survive, if he suffered her to be taken away. The soldiers were mounting the stairs—Captain Gore was decided. There was very little ceremony in the affair: he and his servant in a few minutes drove them out of the house, and secured the door with bolts and locks. Few blows were struck by either the Captain or his servant: the success which frequently attends sudden and resolute assaults against superior force, was in this instance manifested; and, considering the opinion which

the Spanish soldiery entertained of the British prowess, it is not surprising that the guard was ousted.

The defeated soldiers returned to the authorities and related the failure of their enterprise; they were answered by abuse, and their officer having been sent for, was peremptorily ordered to take his men to Captain Gore's quarters and *force* the lady away. At the same time he was tauntingly asked whether two Englishmen were equal to a dozen Spaniards.

The guard, under the command of the officer, immediately repaired to the place for the purpose of executing their orders, and demanded admission in the most ferocious manner; but not waiting for reply, the men began to batter the door with their muskets, and apply their shoulders to the panels. The door was too strong for them: they grew still more outrageous, and the officer still more abusive to those within: again they demanded admittance, but this was peremptorily refused by Captain Gore. With the old English maxim in his mind, "*my house is my castle*," no doubt he believed that he was acting in a justifi-

able manner; and perhaps he was right in the line of conduct he pursued, because there was a British commandant in the town—and a British officer situated as he was, in the theatre of war, would act with perfect correctness in questioning any authority but that of his own nation:—however, nobody ever suspected the modern Spaniards of good military discipline, or prudence in their actions. As allies, and under a commander-in-chief who always listened to the complaints of the Spaniards against his officers or men, the British, in the case of Captain Gore, were treated in a most unwarrantable manner.

The insolent and imprudent officer of the guard was now determined to do all the injury he could, and hearing the voice of Captain Gore inside the door, drew up his men in front of, and close to it; then motioning his orders, which were but too well understood, the whole of the guard fired; the door was not thick enough to resist the bullets, and the unfortunate young man within, fell lifeless in an instant. Would that he had fallen a few weeks before in that battle which defended the rights of Spain, and not thus by the murderous

hands of those he defended in that action! He was *not* a seducer: *this* his *mistress* declared over his dead body; and he did not mean to abandon her, as the melancholy catastrophe but too clearly proved.

The young lady was borne almost heart-broken away, and placed within the cheerless wails of a convent many leagues from the scene that was the source of all her love and of all her sorrows.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE WALCHEREN EXPEDITION.

———

——— tristesque ex æthere Diræ,
Et scissâ gaudens vadit Discordia palla,
Quam cum sanguineo sequitur Bellona flagello.

Virgil.

———

On the 20th of July, 1809, about seven o'clock in the morning, I started from Gracechurch-street on the box of a stage coach, for Deal, where I was to join my regiment (from which I had been six weeks absent), and to proceed with it upon the "*secret* expedition." I took with me one good-sized trunk, pretty well stocked, and a cocked-hat case, which contained its proper lodger, one epaulette, two feathers, two black silk handkerchiefs,

two pairs of white leather gloves, hat and hair brushes. This case and its contents I lost; and, for the sake of all young officers who may hereafter travel by coach, as well as by way of a hint to stage-coach owners to be more careful, I mention the matter. The articles were left behind in changing coaches at Canterbury, *by mistake*, as Coachee said; but neither personal application at the coach-office, nor epistolary remonstrance with the proprietors, could obtain for me a proper consideration of my *case*, and, like one in Chancery, there it remains.

A more delightful day never shone, and a more bustling time the Deal and Dover road never knew; it was crowded like a fair along the whole of the way. All appeared to have been put into commotion by the "expedition;" and from the number of tars, soldiers, and their never-neglected or forgotten associates, who thronged the road, mounted and otherwise, it may be easily imagined that there was nothing like dulness to be either seen or felt.

I arrived at the Crown Inn at Deal about dusk, where I found some of my brother-officers just set up; for they had returned on shore after having

embarked that day. To get a *bed* was out of the question, either in the house at which I stopped, or any other in the town; for every hole and corner, crack and cranny, was crammed. My friends, consisting of five as jolly *subs* as ever looked out for a *company*, and myself, sat down in the coffee-room, and there we "kept it up" until three o'clock A.M.; when, stretching ourselves at full length upon the carpet, in company with about two-dozen more, we slept until half-past nine o'clock, and arose as refreshed as if we had reposed all night upon a bed of down.

The afternoon of that day I spent in providing those little articles which were pointed out to me as necessary by an old campaigner,—one of Sir John Moore's; and having done this, as well as replaced what I had lost at Canterbury, I went with my companions on board the vessel wherein were our head-quarters,—a transport: here I dined, and felt myself once more at *home*. I really felt it *was* my home; for I thought then, and think now, that the home of every officer ought to be the place where his regiment is.

We had an excellent mess, and our sea-stock

was worthy of the approbation of the commander-in-chief himself—every thing was fresh, good, and strong.

We lived on board, expecting every day to sail; but occasionally visited the town, any thing like the bustle of which I never beheld: a most soul-thrilling and interesting scene there presented itself at all hours of the day; myriads of splendid uniforms—military and naval, lovely women, money flying, trade in full motion, faces all smiles, and the weather all beauty,—glasses, cups, and bottles, savoury odours, and harmonious sounds,—every thing alive and on tiptoe with delight! The fine yellow beach stretching along before the houses, within twenty yards of which were its waves foaming brightly, and slowly rolling! the wide and majestic expanse of the Downs literally covered with ships, about which boats were constantly crowding; signals passing through the fleet; the sound of occasional guns; the constant arrival of vessels to join the divisions; the bands of music in the ships and in the boats on the waters!—all made such an impression on the senses, as may not be renewed once in a century.

On the 27th, the *Blue-Peter* was flying, and next morning, at half past ten o'clock, the signal was made for the sailing of the third division of the fleet, to which our regiment belonged. The anchors were soon weighed, and with a light breeze we set sail from the Downs, for the "unknown land."

As I had settled all my sentimental matters before I left London, (for which the post is my debtor some odd pounds,) I had nothing to restrain my mind from the enjoyment of the scene before me; and perhaps the thought that I was now quitting those I held dear as life, might have added to the interest with which I contemplated it. The land lessening into blue mist; the ocean expanded to my view, not in a solitary ship, but in the midst of moving cities; hundreds on hundreds of vessels, holding on in the same steady course together, with the warlike crowd visible on the decks of all; when contemplated in the mass, the whole North Sea seemed like a forest! It was a scene sublime and magnificent beyond description.

We had no bad weather; a fine light breeze favoured us during the whole of our voyage; and at night it was not the least delightful of our plea-

sures, to listen to the glees of the German riflemen who sailed in our division; they were at once harmonious and characteristic, and gave a charm to the scene which kept many a hundred listeners awake. It has often been a matter of annoyance to me, to think that the peasantry of Great Britain alone are the only people in Europe who cannot sing in *harmony:* the lower orders of every other country are qualified to take a part in a glee. Amongst my countrymen, I have heard even an harmonious *second* condemned as "*not in tune,*" or "*putting the singer out!*" Of late years, however, the nature of harmony has been more comprehended—no doubt, arising from the practice of singing psalms;—if so, this is one good thing that may be set down to the credit of "*the saints.*"

On the 29th we came in sight of the low sandy shores of Zealand, and on the 30th we anchored within about two miles of Campveer, having safely explored a most dangerous gut or branch of the Scheldt, every ship sounding as she proceeded; while "*By the Mark Seven*" was melodiously sung by the crews of the various vessels! A calm and sunny day added much to the effect of the scene.

The troops were now landed, our baggage remaining on board, and General Frazer, under whose command our regiment was, proceeded to attack Campveer. A small battery in our way was abandoned, and the enemy hotly followed to the gates of the town. So sudden was the panic, that Colonel Pack, with his regiment (the 71st), pursued them even beyond the first drawbridge, and was proceeding to attempt to take the town by assault, when two six-pounders were brought to bear by the enemy in front of him, which cleared a lane through our men, killing eighteen and wounding twenty-six: among the former were an ensign and an assistant-surgeon. The latter's head was completely blown to atoms. It has been thought by many, that the French left the drawbridge down on purpose to lead their assailants into a trap; and this opinion is strengthened by the trickery which is well known to prevail throughout the French mode of warfare. Colonel Pack very narrowly escaped being taken prisoner; in fact, he may be said to *have* been a prisoner, for a few moments after his regiment retired in confusion: he escaped, how-

ever, by cutting down the French soldier who took him.

Campveer is an inconsiderable fortress, and was then garrisoned with not more than 400 men; therefore it could not have been supposed to stand long against such a force as we were capable of bringing before it. The fact was soon proved: one day's cannonade and bombardment from our gun-boats silenced their batteries, and the garrison capitulated.

The damage done to the town was not very considerable; there were, however, some lamentable proofs of the power of shot and shell left upon the walls, windows, and roofs of the houses. Few people had remained in the town on our approach, therefore few if any of the inhabitants' lives were lost, and only a very few of the French were either killed or wounded. They sunk one of our best and most destructive gun-boats by a shot from the batteries, but otherwise they did very little injury to our naval force.

The main body of the army immediately advanced on Middleburg, the capital of the island, about four miles from Campveer; but although this

city is fortified, it could not be held by the enemy, in consequence of the impossibility of their gaining supplies from Flushing, which was at the other extremity of the island, and opened upon the broad Scheldt. The latter was therefore considered a more secure and tenable fortification. For this reason, the French forces moved on from Middleburg, along the high road, closely pursued by our troops, but fighting every yard of the way, taking special care never to wait for the points of our lads' bayonets, which were within a very critical distance of their *rear*. The French, in thus retreating, would run for about two hundred yards; then rapidly rally and deliberately wait until the "*crabs*," as they called us, were close enough; then would they give us a volley—not, however, without our hearty return of the compliment; when they would immediately scamper off through open files of their own men, who were ready to form up and pour in their shot, while the others were in turn retreating, forming, and loading. This plan was very effectual; for the French in the pursuit lost scarcely any men, while we had a church and a large house full of wounded, besides

several killed. In this way were the enemy followed up and driven into the very gates of Flushing: and such was the panic which seized the garrison of that town, that the 14th and the 82d regiments, it is supposed, had they attempted it, would have carried the place by assault. They drove their bayonets against the walls of the fortress, yet retired without the loss of a single man, although close under the range of the heavy guns from the ramparts.

The whole of the troops landed in the island of Walcheren, amounting to about eighteen thousand men, all infantry (for no part of the cavalry was yet disembarked), now invested Flushing, leaving a small garrison at Middleburg and Campveer; and preparations were immediately commenced for the siege. A finer, a healthier, and a more gallant army than our's never took the field; and it is only to be regretted that it was not employed upon a service where it could have been more advantageous to its country. The other portion of the forces, about 20,000 men under the command of Sir John Hope, were landed on South Beveland, from which place they were sent back to

England, without accomplishing any thing—or rather, without having had any thing *to accomplish*, for the enemy retreated on their approach, and left them in possession of the island.

Our lines before Flushing were about half a mile from the walls, extending back about another quarter of a mile, and all within the imaginary semicircle which may be traced from the two sides of the town, drawing the line by West Zuburg, a neat little village nearly a mile from Flushing.

Our centre was commanded by Generals Houston and Stewart; our right by General Graham, under whom were acting General Auckland and General Leith; our left by Generals Picton and Rottenburg, the latter of whom, however, was appointed to the more easy duty of officiating as military commandant of Middleburg: his infirm state of health and advanced age rendered this a very proper arrangement.

Sir Eyre Coote, our second in command, took up his station at West Zuburg, close to the lines, and Lord Chatham remained at Middleburg. The Marquis of Anglesea, then Lord Paget, finding that ship-board was no *field* for a General of Cavalry,

took up his quarters at West Zuburg, in a merchant's country-house, as a mere visitor of the operating army. There was a sort of irregular or guerilla force attached to the besieging army, consisting of about 500 jolly Jack-tars, under the command of Lord A. Beauclerk, formed by detachments from each man-of-war employed in the service; and these were by no means "fish out of water," for they assisted mainly in dragging up the heavy artillery, as well as in skirmishing in front of our lines.

The country which our army occupied was extremely bushy and luxuriant, though without tall trees, and quite flat; it was interspersed with numerous beautiful gardens, meadows, &c.; and in the height of a very fine summer, as this was, none could wander through it undelighted. As no distant views could possibly occur in such walks, the eye was constantly receiving an interesting change of objects, — now a beautifully displayed garden, where fruit and flowers were profusely growing; a step or two brought the wanderer to a green alley, adorned with classical statues, and intersected with walks bordered by flowers, and perhaps, on

turning into one of them, a fish-pond became visible, overshadowed by willows and cypress, and surrounded with dwarf trees and heavy foliage; in the centre, an artificial cascade, and moored at the side, a little boat, beautifully rigged. On leaving this, perhaps a meadow presented itself, with a ripening crop of grass hedged closely round—perhaps trodden down by our soldiers, who were bivouacking there, or in the adjoining field—then a brushwood, and then again a dyke, overhung by long rushes and grass. These objects, in varied succession, covered the greater part of the land about West Zuburg and the road to and from thence to Flushing. In this part I was quartered, and I have walked for hours, without finding a spot that would form an exception to the above description. It was the happiest time of my life—young as I was, (little more than nineteen,) with a mind as elastic as the air, and romantic to enthusiasm; placed for the first time in my life in the centre of the field destined for the fight, and that field so beautiful by nature and by art—so covered by foliage and green swards, and so diversified by the bivouack and the battery; the guns

from the besieged town every minute or two shaking the atmosphere, and the rifles of the skirmishers in irregular reports, startling the ear—these, with a consciousness that I was a part of the machine of war, gave an interest to every thing around me which I had never felt before, and which I cannot now recal without delight.

The first day we appeared before Flushing, and the following we were entirely employed in guarding against surprise; we were constantly under arms, and could only regale ourselves with what we chanced to have brought with us. However, rations were soon delivered out to us, and with the help of sods and green bushes, grass, &c. we constructed huts, which, with an old barn, helped us to make ourselves feel quite "at home." This was on the 1st and 2nd of August, from which time, until the bombardment commenced (the 13th), we had little to do but to work at the batteries and trenches; and to let ourselves be shot at and shelled at by the town; with the exception, indeed, of one evening's sharp work, when the garrison made a *sortie* upon us. This, while it lasted, was a tough contest, and although at least 20,000 men

sallied out from the town, as much intent on mischief as men well could be, they were forced to retire in double-quick time, after about an hour's hard work, with nothing but their labour and their loss for their pains. It was, I think, on the 6th of August, that the *sortie* was made, and from the gate which opened on the main road to Middleburg. A few of my brother officers and I had been smoking cigars, and moistening our lips with a little Hollands and water, in an almost roofless cottage, and, I recollect, we were talking of the very fortunate escape which one of our officers, then present, had had about three hours before, from a shell which had fallen scarcely a foot from him, and laughing at the manner in which he had run away from the ignited globe of destruction, when we heard a volley of musketry apparently not more than a quarter of a mile away, and in a moment the orderly sergeant brought us instructions to "turn out" forthwith. The regiment was under arms and upon the main road in a few minutes, when we perceived a body of our troops falling back, while the French were yelling as if in triumph, their voices only drowned by the loud

discharges of musketry from both sides. It was almost dark, but the twilight was sufficient for us to discover a little disorder in the regiment before us. Our lads muttered to each other as they advanced at a rapid pace, "Oh! by J——s we 'll soon stop yiz !"—" Wait 'till we come at you, you beggars !" &c. and such from every part of the ranks were not the most unpleasant sounds I ever heard, —my heart swelled with exultation when I heard the men, and witnessed their manly courage. " Steady, my lads—silence till you fire—wait, my lads—steady," passed from the Colonel, as we pushed on, and in a few minutes the regiment before us opened. The grenadier company, stout and steady fellows, formed in line as quick as lightning, pouring a thundering volley into the column of the enemy which was approaching, and the word " *Charge !*" sent us off like rockets. Our line hurried on with a simultaneous shout, and every bayonet met its bloody sheath in a moment. We were supported by the remainder of the regiment, and for several minutes were mixed together, both French and English, tugging at each other fiercely. Our fellows absolutely turned their muskets, and butted and

smashed them down, as if dissatisfied with the more silent, but more effective execution of the bayonet. The scene was one of complete confusion; many of our own men were wounded by their comrades' balls from behind, as the surgeon afterwards declared, on comparing them, as they were extracted—he distinguished the British bullets by their greater size in relation to those of the French. The enemy, encouraged by their officers, rallied and fired several times boldly, but were again and again repulsed. The 51st and the 95th on our side attacked from a field, and assisted mainly in deciding the affair. The firing by degrees became less and less, and when our troops had completely chased the French back to their strong hold, they were ordered to return. So ended the sortie of the 6th of August.

In returning to our huts we overtook, amongst several of the wounded, Lieutenant R——, of our's, my most intimate friend and companion; he was carried by four of our men, and was on his way to the hospital at West Zuburg. His altered voice, when he called to me, foreboded melancholy consequences. He had been shot in the

side by one of the last bullets that the enemy discharged, after having done his duty gallantly, and was in the act of giving them a farewell shout and a farewell volley. As soon as the regiment halted, he was surrounded by his brother officers, and the Colonel particularly attended to him. My friend begged that I might be allowed to accompany him to the hospital, and remain with him during the night, which was readily permitted, and, with a sad farewell from all his brother officers, he was borne along in a blanket. I walked beside him, administering every attention in my power; and in about ten minutes we arrived at the church of West Zuburg, which was appropriated for the field-hospital. My friend was laid down upon some hay, shaken together upon a tombstone in the church. His side was immediately examined by the medical officers on duty, and he was bled; after which his wound was dressed, and a sheet was thrown over him; for, as the weather was very hot, the surgeon would not allow more covering. He did not appear to be in much pain, but felt very much exhausted, and, with his hand holding mine, he fell into a slumber. I sat beside

him all the night, wetting his lips whenever he awoke, which, however, was not very often, with what had been delivered to me by the surgeon;—and such a night!—there scarcely passed an interval of five minutes between the arrival of one unfortunate fellow or another, who had been wounded in the sortie; and three surgeons were employed constantly from twelve o'clock until five in dressing their wounds. Brave fellows! had those who at home are inclined to look contemptuously on the soldier—had they but passed *that* night in *that* church, how differently would they feel towards the men whose sufferings so well entitle them to sympathy!

In the morning the hospital was crowded with the wounded; the whole of the floor—pews, and all, filled with groaning sufferers, principally shot in the legs, and not a single bayonet-wound amongst them; which showed that in the contest the enemy kept at full musket's length from them, *except when they could not help it;* and no doubt *their* hospital proved on the same morning that they pretty often were *obliged* to be within a shorter distance of the British soldiers.

It was twelve o'clock next day before proper quarters could be procured for my wounded friend; and about an hour before we removed him from the hospital, Lord Paget, Captain Paget of "the Revenge," and Captain Richardson of "the Cæsar," came in to visit the wounded. My friend was lying upon one side, apparently asleep, after having taken a cup of tea. These officers made the kindest inquiries after, not only him, but every man who seemed to be severely wounded. Next to my poor friend lay a man who had been shot through the body two days before; he was sitting up, or rather propped up by pads or pillows, and suffered, to all appearances, excessively from difficulty of breathing,—I suppose from being shot through the lungs. Captain Richardson recognized him as a man who came to Walcheren on board of his own ship, and spoke to him in the most tender-hearted manner. "Poor fellow!" said the Captain, "he has a wife and five small children, God help him!" and the manly weather-beaten cheek of the sailor felt the purest tear upon it that sensibility ever shed. He strove to restrain his feelings, and turned aside. The poor wounded

soldier wept loudly as he cried "God bless your honour!" and those who were present joined in his feelings. Captain Richardson was, from appearance, the last man in the world, I should have thought, to have been capable of the "melting mood," for he was a brawny stern son of the sea; however, the feeling heart was there; and never did it appear more evidently than in the behaviour of that rough sailor. I am convinced that the last moments of the poor soldier (who very soon after died) were softened by his tenderness. Lord Paget and his brother did honour to their feelings also, in the kindness and solicitude they manifested for the sad sufferers; indeed, his Lordship (I understood from one of the surgeons after the siege was over) visited the hospital several times a-day, divested of all the "pomp and circumstance" of his rank, and used to go from bed to bed, making the kindest inquiries about the men. Here, too, appearances would have deceived as much as with Captain Richardson, but in a different way; Lord Paget was a perfect military beau, bedecked with all the gaudery of a cavalry general, still farther set off by the oak branch waving gracefully in his cha-

peau, the very picture of military splendour; yet the feeling heart was shown in him as well as in the rough sailor: indeed his Lordship's subsequent conduct at Waterloo proves that the best qualities of the soldier may glow beneath feathers and embroidery. Truly, now-a-days it does not appear necessary that a good soldier must be dressed, like Charles the XIIth, in greased jack-boots and buckskin breeches; for it is generally reported in the army, that the Duke of Wellington has been heard to say, that "his dressy officers were his best soldiers."

My wounded friend was now removed to a house in the village, where there was not a being but an old woman, and a little boy of about nine years old, whose name (Yacob) was as quaint as his dress—a fac-simile of the costume of Queen Anne's time—knee-buckles, shoe-buckles, tight cravat, and a three-cornered "pinch,"—his lips holding a short tobacco-pipe, which he smoked by command of the old woman whenever he went out of doors. These two denizens of the cottage had only returned to West Zuburg that morning with a few other inhabitants. They were of great use in

attending upon my friend; and to do the old woman justice, she behaved with great humanity, notwithstanding the irritable state of her mind, owing to the presence of the army in her village. She was very obliging except whenever her china basons or plates were touched, and then she lost her temper; for like Goldsmith's tea-cups, they were only ranged for *show*.

I continued with my friend for two days, during which time the poor fellow talked almost incessantly of his father, and felt every apprehension of death: alas! this was but too well-founded; for after giving me his watch and other little articles of value for his parent, he closed his eyes for ever. The last duties were performed next day over his body and that of a German rifle officer, who was killed the day before. The officers of their respective regiments attended, and in plain deal coffins we consigned to the earth the bodies of two as fine young men as any in the army.

It was a melancholy scene; yet there was a stern terror in the circumstances around, which kept the mind from indulging in weakness. There was no tear shed, and few words were spoken. The melancholy drum, mingled with frequent

sounds of cannon from the town, was the dirge; and the deserted village through which the procession moved, with the warlike figures composing it, imparted feelings indescribable, and only to be understood by those who have been in similar circumstances. The sense of death and desolation, together with the peal of the cannon, wrought their combined effects on the faces of all; and I firmly believe, that had the officers and men, composing the mournful procession, their choice of immediate battle or undisputed victory, they would have taken the former. Woe to the foe who should have dared to encounter them at that moment!

The enemy continued to annoy the British lines during the whole of the time we lay before the town (twelve or thirteen days) previous to the bombardment. Their riflemen were constantly creeping in front, behind low walls and fences, to pick out an odd man from our working-parties, and our German riflemen played at "hide and seek" with them wherever they could. The guns and mortars from the town, too, were ever and anon employed upon any party, or even a single man, at whom they could be brought to bear. The

shells were also thrown amongst the huts or houses in which the enemy supposed any of our men might be, so that we were obliged to be constantly on the look-out, to avoid them when they fell. As instances of the precision with which they, as well as the shot, were thrown, I will mention two cases; one relating to Major Thompson, of the 68th, and the other to Mr. Cheselden, assistant-surgeon of the 81st. The former had moved out from behind the cover of a hedge, to direct some of his men, who were employed in working; he had not been thus exposed two minutes, when a shell was thrown close to him, and exploded, shattering his right arm below the elbow. This officer, on having the limb amputated, appeared to suffer no more than if the surgeon had been merely bleeding him; he looked steadily at the movements of the knife, occasionally directing the assistants to bring water, sponge, &c. &c. The other instance was this: Mr. Cheselden, in company with an officer of the Quarter-master General's staff and another, was amusing himself in looking over the lines. They had stopped upon a rising part of the road to talk

with an orderly man and a drummer, who stood near. In a few moments a gun from the town was levelled at them, and the shot struck the earth close by, passing through the group, knocking them all down, and almost covering them with fragments of earth and sand. Worse consequences, however, followed: Mr. Cheselden's thigh was shattered, and the orderly man killed; the others received no injury except the discoloration of their clothes. The assistant surgeon's thigh was immediately amputated.

The annoyance from the enemy's rifles was a good deal lessened by the brigade of sailors. These extraordinary fellows delighted in hunting the "*Munseers*," as they termed the French; and a more formidable pack never was unkennelled. Armed, each with an immense long pole or pike, a cutlass, and a pistol, they appeared to be a sort of force that, in case of a sortie, or where execution was to be done in the way of storming, would have been as destructive as a thousand hungry tigers: as it was, they annoyed the French skirmishers in all directions, by their irregular and extraordinary attacks. They usually went out in parties,

as if they were going to hunt a wild beast, and no huntsman ever followed the chase with more delight. The French might fairly exclaim with the frogs in the fable—"Ah! Monsieur *Bull*, what is sport to you, is death to us."

Regularly every day after their mess (for they messed generally on a green in the Village of East Zuburg) they would start off to their "hunt," as they called it, in parties headed by a petty officer. Then they would leap the dykes, which their poles enabled them to do, and dash through those which they could not otherwise cross; they were like a set of Newfoundland dogs in the marshes, and when they spied a few riflemen of the French, they ran at them helter-skelter: then pistol, cutlass, and pike, went to work in downright earnest. The French soldiers did not at all relish the tars—and no wonder; for the very appearance of them was terrific, and quite out of the usual order of things. Each man seemed a sort of Paul Jones—tarred, belted, and cutlassed as they were. Had we had occasion to storm Flushing, I have no doubt that they would have carried the breach themselves. The scenes which

their eccentricities every hour presented, were worthy of the pencil of Hogarth. Among the most humorous of these, were their drills, musters, and marchings, or as they generally called such proceedings, "*playing at soldiers.*" All that their officers did, had no effect in keeping either silence or regularity; those officers, however, were "part and parcel of the same material as the Jacks themselves, and as able to go through the pipe-clay regularity of rank and file, as to deliver a sermon on the immortality of the soul. But the fact is, they were not either expected or intended to be *regular* troops, and their drills were merely adopted to teach them to keep together in line when marching from one place to another; so that they might not go about the country after the manner of a troop of donkeys. These marches and drills afforded the highest degree of amusement, both to soldiers and officers; the disproportion in the sizes of the men—the front rank man, perhaps, four feet one, while the rear rank man, was six feet two; the giving of the word from the "middy," always accompanied by a "G—d—n;" the gibes and jeers of the men themselves. "Heads up, *you* beggar of

Corpolar there," a little slang-going Jack would cry out from the rear-rank, well knowing that his size secured him from the observation of the officer. Then perhaps the man immediately before him, to show his sense of decorum, would turn round and remark: "I say, who made you a fugle man, master Billy? can't ye behave like a sodger afore the commander, eh?" Then from another part of the squad, a stentorian roar would arise, with "I'll not stand this, if I do, bl—t me; here's this here bl—y Murphy stickin' a sword into my starn." Then perhaps the middy* would give the word "*right face*," in order to prepare for marching; but some turned right and some left, while others turned right round and were faced by their opposite rank man. This confusion in a few minutes, however, would be rectified, and the word "*march*" given: off they went, some whistling a quick-step, and others imitating the sound of a drum with his voice, and keeping time with the whistler, "row dididow,

* The midshipmen who commanded these parties, were all steady officers of not less than four or five-and-twenty years of age.

dididow, row dow, dow"—every sort of antic trick began immediately, particularly treading on each others' heels. I once saw a fellow suddenly jump out of the line of march, crying out, "I be d—d if Riley hasn't spikes in his toes, an' I wont march afore him any longer," and then coolly fell in at the rear. "Keep the step," then was bandied about, with a thousand similar expressions, slapping each other's hats down upon their eyes, elbowing, jostling, and joking—away they went to beat the bushes for Frenchmen; and even when under the fire of both the hidden riflemen and the rampart guns, their jollity was unabated. One of these odd fellows was hit in the leg by a rifle-ball which broke the bones, and he fell: it was in a hot pursuit which he and a few others were engaged in after a couple of the riflemen, who had ventured a little too far from their position, when, seeing that he could follow no farther, he took off his tarry hat and flung it with all his might after them; "there, you beggars, I wish it was a long eighteen for your sakes." The poor fellow was carried off by his comrades, and taken to the hospital, where he died.

Lord Chatham generally visited the lines every alternate day, attended by his staff and a few general officers, but he seldom remained long with us, and returned to his quarters at Middleburg. The more detailed duties were left to Sir Eyre Coote, who was extremely active during the whole time of the siege. Some amateurs also came occasionally from Middleburg, and we began in a few days to feel a little more comfort; for various pedlars ventured amongst us with different commodities, which greatly ameliorated our situation. The villages of East and West Zuburg became like a fair, with this exception, that the houses were deserted by their inhabitants and occupied by military officers. One of the civilian visitors had a very narrow escape in one of his walks, for in the midst of his contemplation of a statue in the garden attached to Sir Eyre Coote's quarters, a cannon-ball struck the marble, and threw the fragments about him. He soon decamped, and I will venture to assert, that he kept at a more respectful distance from the scene of operations ever after. Except an attempt to drown us all by opening the sluices, which failed, nothing very particular oc-

curred after the sortie, until the bombardment. This threatened flood alarmed every body for a short time, but several of the principal inhabitants came from Middleburg to examine the state of the sluices, &c. and gave it as their opinion that the utmost extent of the threatened mischief could amount only to annoyance from the water, as they had it in their power to counteract its effects by means of their sluices and canals at Middleburg.

By the 11th, the heavy cannon had been all brought up to the lines, principally dragged by sailors, and on the 13th (Sunday) at one o'clock all our batteries were ready to open. Every gun was manned, and the matches lighted, while a death-like silence pervaded the air, not a breath stirred, and the sun was broadly shining, when the signal was given, and a hundred metal mouths opened upon the devoted town. The peal was like a thousand thunder claps: it shook every thing around, and gave to every heart an ecstasy of courage. At the moment the men felt that they could have conquered thrice their numbers—their countenances brightened, and every peal seemed to impart an electric delight to their bosoms.

The cannonade continued without an instant's intermission until 10 o'clock in the evening, when it ceased; but the mortars continued to throw shells during the whole of the night. Immediately after the cannonade ceased, the Congreve rockets were despatched upon their destructive missions. It was the first time they had been used in hostility; and indeed the manner in which they were managed, amply proved that practice was much wanted in order to render these destructive engines effective. Not more than one in six fell within the walls of the town, and a much less proportion went far enough to do injury. They usually dropped short in the ditches, and for the first hour we had no hope that the evil could be remedied; however, an improvement in their discharges might have been gradually observed. A more awfully grand effect cannot be imagined than these rockets produced. They and the mortars continued to play all night without intermission, and the garrison bravely returned the fire as well as they could; but the guns on the ramparts at many points were gradually silenced, and on the whole, the enemy was evidently getting the worst

of the affair. Next morning, Monday 14th, the fleet bore up, and attacked the town, the walls of which were washed by the sea; they were mostly line-of-battle ships, and commanded by Sir Richard Strachan. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when they passed. They were full in our sight, and a grander effect could scarcely be imagined than the sight of their operations—sailing with a light breeze slowly up the broad Scheldt, and nearing the town, these immense moving batteries, as they passed, poured in tremendous broadsides, which were returned from the town. At each discharge from the ships, the bricks, tiles, &c. were seen flying into the air, whereas little or no effect was made on the ships by the guns from the town. One after the other following the same track, and doing similar execution, each grand and beautiful vessel passed by, until the St. Domingo grounded close to the town. In consequence of this, she was terribly *peppered* for half an hour—after that time the tide rose sufficiently to float her off; but she, sooner than remain idle, amused herself with repeated broadsides; so that, considering the immense damage done to the town, I am of opinion

that the enemy would have much rather that the accident had not happened.

This attack from the sea did an immensity of damage to the enemy, and contributed mainly to their conquest; indeed, they were so completely reduced, by this time, to all appearance, (having but a few guns capable of service,) that a flag of truce was despatched to them, in the full expectation that they would capitulate, and thus save farther injury to the unoffending inhabitants of the town. During the negotiation, which lasted about two hours, our ears were relieved from the monotonous thunder of the field, and we hoped no more blood would be shed in taking the place. But in these hopes we were disappointed, for the Commandant, General Monet, was determined to hold out to the last. In consequence of this the whole of the batteries were opened again upon the devoted town at about sunset, and with redoubled energy, for our men felt provoked at the enemy's obstinacy, and laid their hands to the work with renewed spirit and determination. The sailors' battery, containing six twenty-four-pounders, almost split our ears. These enthusiastic demi-

devils fired not as the other batteries did, but like broadsides from a ship—each discharge was eminently distinguished by its terrific noise, for the guns were all fired at once, and absolutely shook the earth at every round. So vehement were these seamen in their exertions, that they blew *themselves* up at last! This was done by a little squat fellow, who served the guns with ammunition: he placed a cartridge against a lighted match in his hurry; this exploding, communicated with a large quantity of powder, and the natural catastrophe followed. About twenty of the brave fellows, among whom was a young midshipman, were severely burnt and bruised; out of which number, were I to judge from their appearance as they were carried past us, I should suppose not more than half a dozen recovered. They were all jet black, their faces one shapeless mass, and their clothes and hair burnt to a cinder. In the midst of their suffering the only thing that seemed to ease them, was swearing at the little sailor, who was the author of their misfortune; while he, poor creature, in addition to his wounds and burns, patiently suffered the whole torrent of his comrades' abuse.

The Congreve-rockets now resumed their place in the dreadful scene, and, from the preceding night's practice, did infinitely more execution than before. They, together with the lighted fusees of the shells, flying through the dark night, appeared to me like the idea I form of comets and stars in the confusion of the last day, and the thunder of the numerous batteries heightened the force of the comparison. I went to the top of the church; the unfortunate town was almost silent! scarcely a gun flashed from the ramparts, while our newly opened fire seemed to me like smiting a fallen man. The sublimity of the scene has been rarely equalled. The clouds, dark and rapid in their windy course, behind which a gleam of the rising moon was slowly appearing; the rockets on the left darting through the gloom, and spreading a red glare all over the earth, on which the active soldiers were serving the batteries; the shells flying through the air; the cannons thundering, and displaying their masters to the view by the red flames vomited from their mouths; the ships in the distance, and the town on fire in four places! The sight was truly awful!—In the midst of this convulsion Co-

lonel Pack, with a party of his own regiment, the 71st, the 36th, and the German Legion, assaulted a battery which the enemy had constructed on the left of the town, and which did considerable execution among our men. Availing himself of a few moments of darkness, he advanced at the head of his column to the very mouths of the guns! The next moment the discharge of a huge rocket shed over the whole battery a red light, and just as the assailants were clambering up its sides. Short, but desperate, was the work; the French defended themselves with great courage, but the bayonets of the British carried the battery gallantly; and thus, one of the enemy's last resources was cut off. The Frenchmen were instantly marched to the rear; and it was an encouraging sight for our soldiers to distinguish, through the gloom, the outline of the figures of their countrymen victoriously seizing on the enemy's best battery, under the very walls of the town.

During this dreadful night and the preceding, the inhabitants of Middleburg, whose kindred and friends were inside of the besieged town, had been running about the rear of our lines, la-

menting their fate ; and at every discharge of rocket or shell, seeming to shudder with apprehension. These feelings were rendered more poignant when they considered that the English had, previous to opening the batteries, sent a flag of truce in vain, to propose that the women and children should be allowed to pass out from the town —for this proposal was refused by Monet. It was known also to the inhabitants of Middleburg and to us, that these women with their children assembled in a body, and proceeded to the quarters of that General, to entreat him to grant the request; but they were answered by the appearance of a six-pounder before the gate, and assured that if they did not disperse, it would be employed to compel them to do so!

At day-break, Monet sued for a suspension of hostilities for two days: of course this was refused; but two hours were given him to consider further, before the bombardment should proceed. He could have gained nothing by further obstinacy: it could only have had the effect of producing the cruel destruction of the town and its inhabitants: accordingly, he wisely capitu-

lated within the time allowed him for coming to a determination.

The garrison (upwards of a thousand) were permitted to march out with honours; and, having drawn up outside the gates, their bands playing and the eagle flying, they laid down their arms, and were marched off prisoners of war.

On entering the town, we found it in a most deplorable state of dilapidation, particularly on the side exposed to the sea, and that which had been opposed to our right. The flames were still raging where the rockets had taken effect, and one whole street was a mere heap of ruins: the stadthouse was burnt down: few houses, indeed, in the whole town escaped being shot through by our balls; and there were no less than four holes made thus in the room of a cheesemonger's house, where I afterwards took up my quarters. One of the balls had passed through the centre of an old-fashioned clock, and another had broken to pieces a fine oak table. In the billiard-room, near the beach, there were five or six large shot, piled up as a curiosity: these had passed into the room from our ships. The countenances of the inhabitants

when we marched in, were not joyous; they had suffered too much; they looked as if they were spirit-broken; and no house of accommodation opened to the British, but two—the one kept by an Englishman, of the name of Hector, and the other by a native.

A considerable number of wounded remained, both of French and natives; among the latter I found a most interesting young girl, who had suffered amputation of the thigh: she had been hit by one of our shells, while in bed. Hundreds of the inhabitants were dug out from the ruins, dying and dead; tears and groans and desolation were to be met with at every step. "Alem! Vlissengen!"* was muttered by every tongue; and Flushing, one of the prettiest towns in Zealand, was now prostrate in the dust. The drunken warfiend had feasted there, and all around were to be seen the fragments of his revelry.

In a few days after the capitulation, we were ordered to Middleburg, where we relaxed a little from the severities of the siege. With the excep-

* Alas! Flushing.

tion of the dread of sickness, which pervaded all Englishmen at that time, every thing to us was enjoyment in this city. It was fair-time when we arrived! delight was in every body's countenance; and this hilarity in one of the prettiest little cities on earth, where hospitality was lavished on us, removed a great deal of our dread of the prevailing fever, which was then daily destroying fifty or sixty of our men. The officers were quartered at the houses of the principal inhabitants, who behaved with the most praiseworthy kindness to all, furnishing not only quarters of a superior kind, but excellent tables and wine. I have particular reason to remember gratefully the people of the house in which I was myself quartered, because their kindness appeared even more disinterested than the rest, as will be seen by the following circumstance:—I had arrived late at Middleburg, having been detained behind the regiment, and on one of the most rainy and thundering nights that ever visited a hot summer. By some of the people I was directed to the *straad* where the best hotel was situated, and after a long search found the house, and rang at the door. I

was admitted by a very pretty and interesting young lady, who said in French that her father would be down-stairs immediately, and politely showed me into the parlour.

In a moment a respectable-looking man, of about sixty years of age, entered, and addressed me in Dutch, with a most affable air, the politeness of which I understood, but the meaning not at all, for I knew no more of the Dutch language than I did of the Coptic; however, the young lady soon explained in French what the old man said, and I found his address was nothing more than that he was extremely glad to see me as a British officer, and that every thing in his power was at my service. I replied, that I had just arrived from Flushing, and that I was directed to his hotel as being the best—that I was very wet, and that I wished for some refreshment. The lady smiled as she conveyed my words to her father in his own language, on which the old man clasped my hand in both of his, and in the most pressing manner begged me to make his house my home while I staid in the town. The daughter interpreted this request, adding her own invitation with such an air

of sincerity, that I accepted the kind offer. We soon became intimate: supper was served, and the old gentleman and I finished a bottle or two of genuine old wine in the happiest manner possible. I slept there that night, and at breakfast the next morning he produced a "billet" for me, signed by the principal burgo-master, having got my name from my card, and thus he *regularly* quartered me upon *himself*. I remained at the house of this most hospitable man until the general embarkation. He treated me more like his own son than a stranger—all my wishes were anticipated, and some of the happiest months of my existence were decidedly those I passed beneath the generous Dutchman's roof.

Our corps became very sickly in a few days, and we lost the greatest number both of officers and men. How I escaped, I know not; I took no precaution to avoid the effects of the climate, except indeed that I made a liberal use of segars and good "Hollands," agreeably diluted. Some *pure* water-drinkers fared worse, and fell victims to the fever: I am inclined to think, upon the whole, that my plan was the best. Good-living seemed to

be the order of the day, while we remained at Middleburg, from the Commander-in-chief down to the Sub. I do not now speak from actual observation of Lord Chatham's merits, as regards his Lordship's gastronomy, for I was both too young, and of too humble a rank, to expect such an honour; but from general report, and the circumstance of a man having fallen and dislocated his shoulder under the weight of a most admirable turtle, which he was conveying to the quarters of the Commander-in-chief, as a present from Sir William Curtis, who had accompanied the expedition in his yacht.

In the latter end of December, we marched to Flushing, to embark, as the island was to be evacuated by the British troops. Here we witnessed the finishing stroke of destruction given to that unhappy town. Every thing that could be rendered useful to the fortification was destroyed, the fine arsenal was set on fire, the guns spiked, bridges broken, and docks demolished, before the eyes of the sorrowful townspeople. The burning of the arsenal was a grand and melancholy spectacle—it illuminated the whole atmosphere, and so

strong was the heat reflected upon the town by it, that the inhabitants were necessitated to use water-engines against their various dwellings, to prevent a general conflagration. A terrific hurricane soon followed this, and injured our fleet of transports off Flushing excessively: the crews of two were lost. This delayed us a few days longer. At length the whole of our forces were embarked, and we sailed on the 23d of December from the island, in which eleven thousand of our gallant comrades had been consigned to the grave. It was one of the most black, rainy, and foggy mornings that ever hung over the moist flats of Holland, when we weighed anchor, and our departure was *saluted* from the opposite shore, Cadsand, with thirty-six pound shot, which (although from the distance we kept, it could not do much injury) the enemy, as if in exultation, sent us as a parting compliment: one shot unluckily took effect, and killed a sergeant of the 71st. We were but a short time at sea; for on Christmas-day we landed at Deal; very different beings as to dress, &c., to what we were when we left that port a few months before.

Thus ended the Walcheren Expedition. It was my first campaign in the service, and although attended with some trouble, and a great deal of danger, I remember even its worst passages with pleasure; for they were associated with my morning of life, and as such have become subjects of sweet recollection to me now. My troubles, on the whole, were nearly counterbalanced by gentle contingencies. The life of a campaigner would be a dreary picture indeed, if some relief were not thrown into it by the light of the heart: and seldom, thank Heaven! has there occurred a scene in my military panorama where I could not find a gleam. Whence comes the brightest? From woman's eyes. A soldier is nothing without his lass—his life reads badly—cold, dull, and monotonous. But this, gentle reader, was not my case; enthusiastic, imaginative, ready to adore every thing sentimental, or romantic, how could I avoid the flowery way? I *did* fall in love—as every young officer should do, who knows his duty; and the first decided symptom of my derangement, was the following poetical fit which

seized me as soon as I found I was no more in Walcheren.

The gun is fired, the signal blue
Floats from the mast—adieu! adieu!
Flow'r of the flow'rs! smile of the smiles!
Gem of the Zelander's sandy isles!
O! many a time will I turn to thee,
In fond and faithful memory.
Though pleasure over my path may shine,
'Twill only remind me of thee and thine—
Though sorrow may haunt me, yet 'twill be
The sharpener of what I lost in thee.
For ever, for ever, my heart will remember
The stormy birth of our own September.
When down on my head fell sheets of rain,
And the lightning lash'd the gloomy plain:
As if the Heav'ns were repeating that night,
(What that day we had done) the terrible fight.*
For, Sweet, in that hour of tempest I met thee,
And felt, even then, I could never forget thee.
Oh! thy gentle looks, and thy pitying sighs,
Put an end to the rage of the roaring skies;
And thy father, thy home, and thine own sweet smile,
Made me love the Zelander's sandy isle.
How quick, how quick, did the moments flee!
O! their beautiful wings were made by thee.
How fair—how fair was each morning's light;
For thou wert there—so bright—so bright!

* On the night succeeding the surrender of Flushing, the most terrific thunder-storm raged for several hours.

But one—the last—was bleak and dark—
Oh ! it dawn'd in mist on my home-bound bark—
I cannot help thinking it seem'd to be
A gloomy omen of destiny.
Yes, while I live, shall my soul remember
The stormy birth of our own September ;
For thou shalt be as a lovely tree,
Fresh blooming within my memory—
For ever budding beautiful leaves
To cheer the waste over which it waves.

JOURNAL OF A CAMPAIGN AT THE HORSE-GUARDS.

Laurea flaminibus, quæ toto perstitit anno,
Tollitur, et frondes sunt in honore novæ.

OVID.

APRIL 1st. Proceeded by forced marches from Chatham, to Charing-cross. Halted for the night, and ordered a double ration of rum.

2d. Took up a position in the Strand, my right leaning on the Hungerford, my left on the Wheatsheaf-tavern. Reconnoitred the enemy, found him in strong force, and entrenched; flanked by the Treasury on the right, and, on the left, by the War-office. Wavered a little, but thought of Waterloo, Salamanca, and the storming of Badajoz.

3d. Sent out spies.—Bad news—approaches

of the enemy's entrenchments almost inaccessible. Reconnoitred the rear of his position, in disguise—narrow escape of being cut off by the Adjutant-general.

4th. Skirmishing at various parts of the lines. Sharp-shooting effective.—Took one of the Duke's porters, and learnt from him the precise state of the enemy—right commanded by Sir Herbert Taylor; left, by Lord Palmerston—Commander-in-Chief, the Duke in person. Fell back with my light troops upon my centre—doubts of success increasing, but thought of my motto "*nil desperandum*," and former services.

5th. Out-posts attacked by Sir Henry Torrens, and driven in—ordered up a brigade of artillery, and light cavalry—desired effect; kept him in check, and *gained time.*

6th. All quiet.

7th. Threw out my light troops—attacked, and took the lobby, an important post in the enemy's front. Manœuvred on his right, but could not bring Sir Herbert Taylor to action

8th. All quiet—some auxiliary troops arrive—strong hopes of success.

9th. Under arms at day-break--manœuvred on the enemy's right again—drove in his piquets—sharp skirmishing—Sir Herbert Taylor came out from his entrenchments in great force—moved a column of infantry, and a brigade of artillery, supported by a body of cavalry, to the attack. Cannonaded him briskly, and charged with effect; but Sir Herbert was reinforced, and maintained his ground; so I retired in order.

From 9th to 27th. Skirmishing every day—fortified my position—increased my strength by *forced levees.*—Endeavoured to bring the enemy to action without effect—annoyed in my rear, by a body of *disaffected* tradesmen—things looking worse.

28th. Held a council of war—long faces—military chest light—provisions scarce—supplies cut off from Greenwood and Cox—affairs desperate—resolved on making a decisive effort.

29th. Nearly cut off in reconnoitring, by the *disaffected Sheriff* of Middlesex, and his Guerilla band, but made good my retreat—saved by a fog. Moved out my light troops, to take an important post from the enemy, and after some sharp work,

lodged myself in the waiting room—directed my attention again to Sir Herbert Taylor—after a brisk engagement turned his right, and drove him in; but it was too late to follow up the advantage.

30th. Removed the engagement—directed my whole force to the centre—keeping the left in check—attacked the Duke with desperate energy—drove him from his entrenchments—cannonaded him incessantly from three commanding points—threw him into confusion—poured in my cavalry, and completely routed the enemy.

Thus I remained master of the field; and for this victory, was rewarded by His Most Gracious Majesty, with—A COMPANY!

MESS-TABLE CHAT.

No. II.

" A band of gallant souls, who knew
The olive wood, the mountain blue,
The ration rum, the biscuit black,
The long bleak road, the bivouac,
The cannon's thunder, and the bays
That wave o'er glorious victories,
Better than city's midnight dress,
Her luxuries, and gaudiness."

SCENE—*the mess-room of an Infantry regiment.*

BY way of introduction to the present number of "Mess-Table Chat," a short description of the scene, as well as the actors in it, will not be amiss; it will assist the reader very considerably in the conception of the picture.

Let him, then, imagine a spacious apartment well-carpeted, containing a large sideboard, on which are spread all the shining accompaniments of good eating and good drinking; the windows richly curtained; a large blazing fire at one extremity of the room (the season requiring it); an oblong table, at which are seated about eight-and-twenty officers, all in their full regimentals;—scarlet coat, yellow facings buttoned back on the breast; the field officers (a colonel and two majors) having *two* rich silver epaulettes each; the staff (three surgeons, one pay-master, and one quarter-master) in single-breasted coats *without* epaulettes; and all the other officers (three of the grenadiers and three of the light company excepted—they having two wings instead) wearing *one* epaulette each on the right shoulder; white pantaloons, and Hessian boots on all; sashes (except with the staff) but no swords.

Let the reader also imagine the countenances of the officers; the greatest number well tanned by the sunshine of foreign climes, and exhibiting the marks of various ages from thirty to fifty · amongst them, of course, a few "*young hands*,"

ensigns and lieutenants, with youthful and good-looking faces, in which might be discovered a peculiarity that promised well to honour, at a future period, the more advanced ages of the corps by assuming their present uniformity of "phiz."

Waiting upon the group, let the reader also imagine six or eight servants, in as many different liveries (all men from the ranks) standing "attention" behind their respective masters' chairs, or assisting in the table service under the "*chief command*" of the *mess waiter general*,—a fusty old privileged rear-rank man, in a green livery, faced with red, his person exhibiting evident marks of good living, and indicating thereby the difference between his former barrack-room *mess* and his present *mess-kitchen* morsels: upon the table, the dessert profusely spread; the board laughing with light; corks chirping; glasses sparkling; and the band in the passage without, playing in their best style the beautiful melody of "*Go where glory waits thee.*" This is the MESS-ROOM of a happy regiment.

I cannot decorate my heroes with that highly

esteemed badge "the *medal*," because the regiment I describe never

"Smelt Waterloo's pink-ribbon'd shot."

Yet are they not the worse for that: many fought at the immortal engagement commemorated by *the medal*, whose battle account, if scrutinized, would be found to fall short of theirs—perhaps one *twentieth* part.

The members of the mess are partly English, partly Irish, and partly Scotch: I will not here mention their names, but let them "*fall in*" just as the dialogue may call them up.

Time about seven o'clock.—Cloth just removed.

Capt. Ball (*president for the day*). Gentlemen, fill.

Major Swordly ("*vice*" *for the day*). We are all ready at this end of the table.

Capt. Ball (*looking through a full glass*). THE KING! GOD BLESS HIM!"

[*All drink bumpers to the toast.* "GOD BLESS HIM!" "GOD BLESS HIM!" *passing from one end of* "*the line*" *to the other, while*

the band without change to the royal and national anthem. The Mess in under-tones chat to each other.

Capt. Ball. Gentlemen, I 'll give you another toast:—THE REVERED AND CHERISHED MEMORY OF THE LATE DUKE OF YORK, THE FATHER OF THE ARMY.

[*All rise and drink the toast in solemn silence, after which they resume their seats, and a slight pause ensues.*

Capt. Killdragon. Heaven bless his memory! it will be a long time before we forget him.

Col. Shell. I think we may say with Shakspeare—

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

Capt. Killdragon. Yet kind, generous, good, and great as he was, men were not wanting to revile him.

Major Mc Rocket. *Men!* did ye say? mere like deevils.

Capt. Killdragon. Devils, indeed! Mc Rocket,

and my *own* country devils too: sorry am I to say it.

Dr. Slaughtery. Yes, yes, Killdragon; but this was not worse than the *English* conspiracy formed against him some years ago: the attack made upon him by Mr. Shiel was the effect of the unfortunate party feeling which prevails in Ireland. I do not speak so because I am myself an Irishman, but because I am convinced that so long as the violence of party exists in that country, you will have such things.

Capt. Killdragon. Oh! doctor, you have too much of the milk of human kindness about you. I (as you all know, Gentlemen) am a Catholic—I hope yet to see the members of my religion emancipated from their grating chains; but is it by such firebrands as now inflame the Irish, we are to be liberated? No; those can only make our chains red-hot, and weld them firmer—those are but the evil tools of their own selfish purposes, and to be the idols of a mob, would lead it to its perdition the while. However, let the motives be what they may, the conduct in this affair was detestable. The man who would draw aside the

curtains of the death-bed, that the rabble which followed him might mock the dying, while he himself stood by it, displaying his venomous teeth, and mixing with the prayers of his helpless victim his own horrid yells—is a monster, which I had thought was only to be imagined, until a demagogue, my countryman and fellow Catholic, embodied the horrid conception.

Dr. Slaughtery. But he neutralized it by the *amende honorable.*

Capt. Killdragon. Ay, ay, *neutralized* it, indeed; that is, he added an alkali to his acid—such union, we know, produces *froth*—insipid—nay, disgusting froth. The fact is, the patching only made things worse; for the Duke was in *articulo mortis*, (as *you* would say, Doctor,) when the cold-blooded and heartless declaimer apologized for his wanton brutality. Besides, he found that he disgusted even his *own* partisans, and therefore feared the loss of his all—his popularity—his *brief* popularity.

Major Mc Rocket. By G—! yir raight, Killdragon; an' ye speak the feelings o' us a'.

Dr. Slaughtery. I do not defend the act:

it certainly was bad; but I think it arose from party violence.

Several Voices. It admits of no excuse.

Col. Shell. And the Doctor thinks so too; but he loves argument as dearly as he does his country, and only wishes now to draw *you* out, Killdragon.

Dr. Slaughtery. Thank you, Colonel; I *have* drawn him out, and now I 'll draw *in* my horns.

All the Mess. Bravo! bravo!

Capt. Ball. Gentlemen, as we are on the subject of the Commander-in-Chief's death, I beg to mention that Mr. Steel, my worthy young *Sub* here on my left, has written a song upon the occasion, and set it to music. You all know how he sings, and what do you say to hearing it? The band can accompany the song, for they have learnt the music of it.

(*This announcement was received with enthusiasm, and Ensign Steel, although blushing under his honours and opposing "the motion," was obliged to yield to the general request. The band having been ordered to accompany the song, now played a fine*

impressive symphony, and the Ensign sung with great effect the following

LAMENT OF THE CHIEF.

I.

SOLDIERS ! the chief that you loved is gone
To the tomb where his fathers sleep,
Where the mighty rest,—but there is not one
Like him in its holy keep.
The dead where he lies wear diadems,—
His crown is the soldier's love ;—
Not a thing of gold nor of costly gems,
But a glory that 's brought from above.

II.

Soldiers ! the heart that was good and great,
Is still, and its warmth is past ;
For you and your weal its first pulses beat—
For you and your weal its last.
In the midst of the forest of lofty pines
Thus drops the parent stem,
Thus a father whose hope in his children shines—
All blessing, and blessed by them.

III.

Soldiers ! go plant a branch by his tomb,
From the wreath which to you he gave,
And high may it grow, and spread, and bloom,
And long may it over him wave !
Oh, yes, it will bloom when past are ye,
And age shall not number its years,
For the smiles of your orphans shall sun the tree,
And your widows shall wet it with tears.

(*The warmest applause followed this song, while the countenances of all the listeners glowed with the indescribable sensations which the union of the sentiment with fine voice and melody produced. The harmony was well executed, and Mr. Steel's admirable taste gave great effect to the whole.*)

Col. Shell. The last lines, I presume, allude to the Duke's patronage of the Orphan School at Chelsea.

Ensign Steel. Yes, Sir.

Major Mc Rocket. An' a lasting monument it is, Colonel.

Col. Shell. Yet this, great as it is, is only a part of the good he has done to the army.

Capt. Killdragon. I, as an individual, can bear testimony of his paternal kindness. You all know I was cashiered on account of that cowardly dragoon, who first insulted me (then a mere boy), and afterwards refused to give satisfaction. I applied to the Duke, and presented the memorial myself. When the Aid-de-camp bowed me in, "ENSIGN KILLDRAGON," my heart was in my mouth—I didn't know whether I was on my head

or my heels; but when I saw the fine, smiling, good-natured GENTLEMAN, standing with his back to the fire, as careless as if he had been only a head clerk, I was relieved from my fears. I gave the paper into his own hands, and he, in the kindest manner, told me he would read the proceedings of the court martial, desiring me to call on the following levee-day. I did: he *had* read the proceedings, and asked me several questions relating to the matter. At length he said, "You shall have an answer." I withdrew, delighted with the affability of the Royal Duke, at the same time doubtful of success; "but," thought I, "if I am refused, it will be like a gentleman." I got a letter in four days after, informing me that I was reinstated. 'Faith! I drank a bottle to the Duke's health that night, and now I 'll drink another to his memory.

Col. Shell. This is only one in thousands of instances. Whenever he *could* grant a request, consistent with his duty, he did so.

Major Mc Rocket. The Duke o' Wellington has noo got the command, an' I have nae doobt that he 'll gi'e us a' satisfaction. The army is a

wee bit afraid o' him, because he is sic a disciplinarian, but in my opinion that 's a' for the better; an' I 'll wager ony mon in England a dozen o' claret, that the Duke will be as gude an officer at the heed o' the army as he was afore. Ye see he hasn't changed a single man in the office; but has already done a gude thing for the country, in uniting the Ordnance Department to his ain.

Capt. Ball. There is none like him; he is a good soldier, a prudent general, and a kind man. He was strict and severe while in the Peninsula, but he could have done nothing had he not been so; not only his own private interests, but his country's hopes and glory, depended upon his success. Gentlemen, I 'll give you "The Duke of Wellington and the Army."

[*This toast was drunk standing, and with "three times three," and the band played "Rule Britannia" in the finest style.*]

Capt. Killdragon. By Gad! Wellington is the boy that made *work*-men of us at any rate.

Major Mc Rocket. Yir nae far oot there, Killdragon; an' if we tak the field again, I hope he 'll gang wi' us.

Major Swordly. Mr. President, the paymaster on your right there, is neglecting his *accounts* very much:—bring him to *book*, and send the decanter this way.

Mr. Cashly. Don't fear, Major; I'll take a *receipt in full now:—à votre santé.*

Major Swordly. Mr. Quartermaster Sharp, you should keep to the *allowance*,—come, fill!

Mr. Sharp. I assure you, Major, I like a *full ration.*

Dr. Slaughtery. So do we all; and if we go out again, Sharp, my boy, we'll keep you to your word.

Mr. Sharp. I don't care how soon this may happen; another campaign would do the regiment no harm, particularly as regards these young subalterns here.

Ensign Steel. Heaven grant we may have another breeze!

Major Mc Rocket. Tak care, mun; it may come a bit too soon.

Ensign Steel. No, Major, not a minute too soon. I don't like home service; give me the field. I wish I had it in my power to volun-

teer to-night for the storming of a breach at day-break.

Capt. Ball. You might have too much of that too, my boy; like young O'Connel, a lad of about eighteen—your own age. He volunteered on the storming-party at Badajos, for his ensigncy in the 59th, and escaped; he then volunteered on the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, and there also escaped,—got his Lieutenancy. Again, at the storming of St. Sebastian he *would* volunteer, against the advice of all his brother officers. God knows! to have stormed twice as he had done, was enough for any *one*; but he was determined, and like a hero mounted the breach.

Capt. Killdragon. I saw him that day almost at the head of the column, smiling with as much confidence as if he thought the balls knew him and would run away from him.

Capt. Ball. Poor lad! he was made a riddle of. I counted sixteen ball-wounds in his body.

Capt. Killdragon. Rashness is very often the bane of courage. There was a countryman of mine at Badajos, a young Ensigh; he, with the men, was ordered to lie down, so as to conceal

themselves from the view of the batteries on the ramparts. The young fellow was rash enough to put up the colours which he carried, in order (as he says himself) that it might receive a ball or two, and thus afford evidence of his danger. The consequence was, that a tremendous shower of cannon-ball was directed to the spot where the fool-hardy Ensign was: one struck him on the hip, and carried away the whole of the fleshy part of the thigh: then a musket-ball hit him in the breast. The rashness of this officer is greatly to be regretted, for many men fell beside him, from the fire in which he himself was mutilated. He is still alive, and on the half-pay of the Queen's Germans. I saw him in town a few weeks ago.

Col. Shell. This was not true courage, but hair-brained folly. Mr. Steel, I 'll give you an instance of steady bravery:—When Colonel Higgins was a cornet (I think in the 18th), and in Holland, the Duke of Cambridge wished to send a despatch to a certain point, the way to which was cannonaded heavily by grape-shot. His Royal Highness asked, if there was any dragoon officer near him who would volunteer for the duty? Young

Higgins immediately presented himself—he took the despatch—galloped off: the Duke could see him from where he stood, the whole of the distance. When about half way, and in the thick of the fire, Higgins dropped his helmet: he coolly pulled up his horse, alighted, put his helmet upon his head, mounted again, and continued his course. The young officer returned through the same danger safely, and his Royal Highness was so pleased with his steady courage, that he appointed him to his personal staff, and he is his Royal Highness's private secretary at this day.

Ensign Steel. That I think, certainly, of different character from the conduct of the Ensign, although both might be equally brave. What regiment did Mr. O'Connel belong to, Captain Ball?—

Capt. Ball. The 59th.

Major Swordly. That regiment had a vast deal to do on the last campaign in Spain.

Capt. Killdragon. It behaved nobly at Vittoria, although a great part of it were very young soldiers. At a little village on the left of the town, the French made a most desperate effort to prevent our troops crossing the little river. (I was

Brigade Major at the time, and so could see those things.) They had two field-pieces planted close to the bridge, which was not wide enough to permit two carts to pass abreast, and their infantry defended this pass for a long time. The men were butting each other in a dense mass on the bridge, after they had been tired of the bayonet; and caps, and muskets, and bodies were heaved over the sides into the stream, till they almost choked the arches beneath. The 59th came up to the bridge, after a repulse, commanded by Colonels Fane and Weare, and the fire upon them was thick and destructive—grape and musketry. The *young* fellows began to dip their heads and straggle, when Colonel Weare rode back to them, and cried out,—"*59th! for shame, for shame!*" This was like magic; the men dashed on steadily, but at the instant he received a ball in the spine. Colonel Fane, who headed the battalion, now rode up to Colonel Weare; and perceiving his state, shook hands with him, and then gave directions for his removal: there was not an instant to lose—the men were advancing like lions to the bridge—"*God bless you, Weare!*" was all that the Colonel had time

to say, and he then rode on with the regiment; but in the next minute he received a shot himself in the groin, and was obliged to leave the men to themselves. They did their duty, and carried the bridge. Poor Fane was dead before his friend Weare, with whom he shook hands, in the belief that he would not be an hour alive. Both died of their wounds in a few days, and I attended both their funerals in the town of Vittoria. A finer picture of a hero in death, than the naked body of Weare on his cold bed was, no man ever beheld—noble fellow! A letter just arrived at the regiment the day after he died, to say that his wife and family had landed at Lisbon with the view of joining him; sad was the answer to that letter! .... Colonel Fane was the brother of General Fane, you know, and a finer or more gallant fellow never fought. Both these leaders were buried in a *yard behind the Hospital*, while a French General was, at the same time, entombed *within the walls of the principal Church*; but this was because the Frenchman was a *Roman Christian*, and the others *English Christians*. It grieved me to see it; and never did I feel the folly and

absurdity of such religious differences so forcibly as on that melancholy occasion. The Spanish priests regretted (and sincerely too) that they had it not in their power to honour the remains of their *allies* as they, from Christian charity, did the remains of their *enemy*.

Col. Shell. I knew both Fane and Ware well, and better officers could not be.

Ensign Young. Captain Killdragon, was it Colonel Fane's horse that galloped into the enemy's ranks, as you were telling us the other evening?

Capt. Killdragon. No, no. That was at the battle of Salamanca. It occurred with the 5th Dragoon Guards.

Mr. Cashly. What was that? I was in the brigade at the time.

Capt. Killdragon. The horse that lost his rider, and—

Mr. Cashly. Oh! yes, yes, yes. I know.

Major Swordly. Let us hear it.

Capt. Killdragon. When the regiment charged the French on the plain, one of the men was thrown off his horse: the animal dashed into the

enemy's lines, and after the regiment to which he belonged had retired from the charge, he was seen scampering about amongst the French infantry, kicking and frolicking. The 5th was ordered to renew the charge, which they did; and as they were approaching the enemy, the horse in question galloped over to them, regularly fell into the ranks, as if a dragoon had been upon his back: he continued in rank during the operation of the charge, and returned in line with his troop, to the astonishment of his rider, and the admiration of all who saw him.

Mr. Cashly. It is a fact, I know it to be so.

Capt. Ball. Mess-waiter, look to the decanters!—gentlemen, I have a proposal to make: we cannot be more harmonious than we are; but by way of diversifying our happiness, suppose Killdragon favours us with his "*British Bayoneteers.*" It will bring back the recollections of the "*work*" as he calls it.

(*All now warmly called on Captain Killdragon, who was not a man that required much pressing; so, having filled his glass and put on a regular corporal countenance, he sang the fol-*

lowing song, in a fine bold voice, and all the Mess joined in merry chorus :—

THE BRITISH BAYONETEERS.

I.

Eyes right ! my jolly field boys,
Who British bayonets bear,
To teach your foes to yield, boys,
When British steel they dare !
Now fill the glass, for the toast of toasts
Shall be drunk with the cheer of cheers :—
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
For the British Bayoneteers !
Then fill the glass, for the toast of toasts, &c.

II.

Great guns have shot and shell, boys,
Dragoons have sabres bright,
Th' artillery's fire 's like hell, boys,
And the horse like devils fight ;
But neither light nor heavy horse,
Nor thundering cannoneers,
Can stem the tide of the foeman's pride,
Like the British Bayoneteers.
Then fill the glass, for the toast of toasts, &c.

III.

See, see, red Battle raging,
In wild and bloody strife ;
His burning thirst assuaging
In the smoking tide of life !

From the shower of balls our men give way—
But the rank of steel appears:
They charge!—Hurrah! Hurrah! for the day
Is the British Bayoneteers'!

Then fill the glass, for the toast of toasts, &c.

IV.

The English arm is strong, boys,
The Irish arm is tough,
The Scotchman's blow, the French well know,
Is struck by sterling stuff;
And when, before the enemy,
Their shining steel appears—
Good by'e! Good by'e!—How they run! How they fly
From the British Bayoneteers!

Then fill the glass, for the toast of toasts, &c.

Loud applause followed this song, for the wine had pretty freely circulated before it was sung. A deviled turkey was now brought in, the decanters were all replenished, and several jolly songs sung. It was a festival day; therefore did the young *subs* leave off the everyday rule of quitting the mess-table after the "*second allowance*," and indulged *ad libitum*. In short, a merrier set of fellows, from the Colonel to the Quarter-master, never broke up from a happy mess-table, than they, at half-past 12 o'clock, A. M.

GERAGHTY'S KICK.

"Send that to your next-door neighbour."

At the battle of Talavera, when the hill on the left of the British line had been retaken from the enemy, after the most obstinate and bloody fighting, the French continued to throw shells upon it with most destructive precision. One of those terrible instruments of death fell close to a party of grenadiers belonging to the 45th regiment, who were standing on the summit of the hill. The fusee was burning rapidly, and a panic struck upon the minds of the soldiers, for they could not move away from the shell on account of the compact manner in which the troops stood: it

was nearly consumed—every rapidly succeeding spark from it promised to be the last—all expected instant death—when Tom Geraghty, a tall raw-boned Irishman, ran towards the shell, crying out, "By J——, I 'll have a kick for it, if it was to be my last;" and with a determined push from his foot, sent the load of death whirling off the height. It fell amongst a close column of men below, while Geraghty, leaning over the verge from whence it fell, with the most vehement and good-natured energy, bawled out "Mind your heads, boys, mind your heads!" Horror!—the shell burst!—it was over in a moment. At least twenty men were shattered to pieces by the explosion!

Geraghty was wholly unconscious of having done any mischief. It was a courageous impulse of the moment, which operated upon him in the first instance; and the injury to the service was not worse than if the shell had remained where it first fell. Self-preservation is positively in favour of the act, considering that there was no other way of escaping from destruction.

Very serious consequences would have still attended the matter, had it not been for the

active exertions of the officers; for the men of the regiment, among which the shell was thrown, and who had escaped, were with difficulty prevented from mounting the hill and executing summary punishment upon the grenadiers, from whom the unwelcome messenger had been so unceremoniously despatched. Thus they would have increased to an alarming degree the evil consequences of Geraghty's kick.

An unexpected shower of admiration and flattery, like the sudden possession of great and unexpected wealth, produces evil effects upon a weak head. The perilous kick, instead of exalting Geraghty's fortunes, as it would have done had he been a prudent man, produced the very opposite consequences. He was talked of throughout the regiment—nay, the whole division, for this intrepid act; every body, officers and all, complimented him upon his coolness and courage; and the general who commanded his regiment (Sir John Doyle) gave him the most flattering encouragement. All this was lost upon Geraghty; he was one of those crazy fellows whom nothing but the weight of adversity could bring to any tolerable degree of stea-

diness; and instead of profiting by his reputed bravery, he gave way to the greatest excesses. Finding that he was tolerated in one, he would indulge in another, until it became necessary to check the exuberance of his folly. He gave way completely to drunkenness: when under the effects of liquor, although a most inoffensive being when sober, he would try to "carry all before him," as the phrase goes; and having succeeded in this so frequently, amongst the privates and noncommissioned officers of his regiment, the excitement of the excess began to lose its pungency in his imagination, and he determined to extend his enjoyments amongst the officers: this very soon led him to most disagreeable results. It had been ordered that the privates should not walk upon a certain part of the parade in Colchester Barracks. Geraghty, however, thought proper to *kick* against it as determinedly as he formerly did against the shell. Charged with strong rum, he one day strutted across it in a manner becoming a hero of Talavera (as he thought), and was seen by two of his officers, ensigns, who sent the orderly to desire him to move off the forbidden ground; but Ge-

raghty declined obedience, and told the orderly to "*be off to the devil out o' that.*" The ensigns, on being informed of the disobedience, proceeded to the delinquent, and renewed their orders, which were not only disregarded, but accompanied by a violent assault from Geraghty. The refractory giant seized an ensign in each hand, and having lifted both off the ground, dashed their heads together. This was seen by some other officers and soldiers of the regiment, who all ran instantly to rescue the sufferers from Geraghty's gripe. None could, however, secure him; he raged and threatened vengeance on all who came within the length of his long arms; nor would he have surrendered had it not been for a captain in the regiment, under whose eye he pulled many a trigger against the enemy. This officer approached with a stick, seized him by the collar, and began to lay on in good style. "Leather away," cried Geraghty, "I 'll submit to *you*, Captain, and will suffer any thing; flog me, if you like. You are a good sodger, an' saw the enemy; but by J——, I 'll not be insulted by brats o' boys who never smelt powdther."

The consequences of this violence of course led to punishment: Geraghty was flogged for the mutiny; he received six hundred and fifty lashes, laid heavily on; yet he never uttered a groan during the whole of this suffering; and when taken down, although bleeding, bruised, and doubtless greatly exhausted, assumed an air of insolent triumph; put on his shirt, and boldly walked off to the hospital. The body of the man was overcome,—the pallid cheek, the bloodshot eye, the livid lip, the clammy mouth—all declared it; but the spirit was wholly untouched by the lash: nothing on earth *could* touch it.

The 87th was subsequently quartered in Guernsey: here the sheriff, a little powdered personage of the forensic faculty, was the immediate cause of another punishment to Geraghty, by having preferred a complaint against him. The deepest enmity towards the civic officer arose in Geraghty's breast, and he vowed vengeance against him. It happened that after long looking out for the fulfilment of his vow, he met the sheriff one dark night in a narrow way: a moment so precious could not be wasted; so Geraghty, with an oath

like the thunder of Jupiter, seized his victim by the collar of his coat and the posterior portion of his pantaloons, and having twirled him in the air just as he would a monkey, flung him "neck and crop" (as the flinger said) over the church-yard wall, which stood full seven feet high, beside the road.

The sheriff received several bruises and a dislocation of the shoulder by the fall, but managed to creep home, after a little rest taken on a grave, quite as much frightened as he was hurt. Of course the necessary steps were taken next day to bring Geraghty to justice; but at the trial the sheriff failed in his evidence, having none but his own oath, while the prisoner proved that he was in bed when the roll was called, and also that he was on parade at six in the morning: the court was of opinion that the sheriff might have been mistaken, and therefore acquitted the graceless grenadier.

General Doyle, however, was not quite convinced of the prisoner's innocence, and although acquitted, he received a private reprimand from the General, who also addressed the regiment publicly upon the necessity of behaving with decorum towards the inhabitants, giving Mr. Geraghty

many severe hints upon the sheriff's affair, which showed that Sir John Doyle was not one of those who doubted his delinquency.

"Eighty-seventh," said the General to the regiment in a loud voice, "you have always distinguished yourselves in the field, and have never disgraced yourselves in your quarters: you have fought with the enemies of your country, and not against your countrymen. I trust you will continue to respect the civilian, and thereby respect yourselves. An occurrence has taken place lately which I am shocked at, and if I thought the 87th regiment would practise such gross conduct against the worthy inhabitants of this island, *it would break my heart.*"

This natural appeal had a powerful effect: every man felt as if his own father addressed him, and Geraghty amongst the rest participated in the respectful homage paid to the parent of the corps; for he then was sober, and consequently rational and kind-hearted.

A short time after this the General held a levee, and Geraghty happened to be the sentry on his house. The sheriff having attended, was returning

from the doors, the General and several friends in the balcony above, elevated at no greater distance than that within which every word spoken at the door could be distinctly heard by them: the sheriff passed close to Geraghty, who, not thinking that there was anybody within hearing, seized the little gentleman by the buttonhole, and forcibly detained him while he addressed him in the following impressive manner: "Come here, you little rascal:"—the petrified civilian trembling, looked up and listened,—"I tell you what; by J——, if it wasn't that I'd brake the poor owld General's heart, I'd just take an' I'd smash every bone in your skin this minute; so ger out o' my sight, and never come near me again while you've breath in your little body."

Sir John heard the whole of this address, and saw the sheriff hasten to obey the commands of the sentry. He did not bring him to court-martial, for he wisely thought that punishment was wholly useless: however, he procured his discharge, as the only means of securing the regiment against the farther consequences of *Geraghty's kick.*

DUELLING IN THE SERVICE.

——— Keep your honour clear,
Barring all consequences.
Burns.

That the practice of duelling is to be tolerated in general society, I will not take upon me to say; but that it is absolutely necessary in the army, no officer of that profession will deny. It should, however, be regulated by temperate and honourable rules. In a body like the army, where unanimity and obedience to command must prevail, every thing that tends to disturb those passive qualities, should be scrupulously forbidden. But as the evil passions of the heart have not less exercise amongst military men than in any other division of society, quarrels cannot of course be avoided. Yet if these quarrels were allowed to develope their virulence in bickerings and open abuse, every

corps of officers, it is to be feared, would be divided into parties, and disunion would place in jeopardy that power which can only act efficiently by unanimity. Hence the necessity of a more particular attention to gentlemanly demeanour amongst the military, and hence also the necessity of the existence of some power which will enforce conformity to its regulations. This, to a certain extent, is to be found in military authority; but beyond this, there is no remedy, except in the practice of duelling; and the more this practice is cherished in the army, the more honourable and lasting will be its reputation; the less will its quiet be disturbed; fewer will insult or injure their brother-officers, and consequently fewer will be necessitated to vindicate their honour by duel.

The admirable decorum and gentlemanly friendships which prevail in the army generally, bear strong testimony to the truth of my argument; and as insults and injuries cannot pass there with impunity, those despicable characters, *professed duellists*, are rarely, if ever, to be met with in the service. They do not, at all events, practise their "*profession*" amongst military men, for the most

obvious reasons in the world. Yet there have been, and are still in the army, men who approach towards this odious character; they are, however, but very few, nor will they attempt to offer insult openly; their aim is to assume an overbearing superiority, and, by all indirect means in their power, to impress every one with a sense of their vast prowess and undaunted courage: through all this they are guarded in their manner and expressions, and only go so far as to render themselves both despised and shunned.

An ancient writer observes, that "The long sword and the swaggering cock are the ordinary marks of a faint heart in disguise;" and never was there more truth in any observation: for, as modesty and courage are usually associated, and as regard to self-preservation is natural to every one who contemplates the possible consequences of a duel, it is very unlikely that a truly brave man would wantonly expose himself to peril, by insulting another, without ample provocation. As a man of courage, he would feel that he could not shrink from a challenge, and that once engaged in it, "there must be no shuf-

fling"; but the swaggerer is altogether a different sort of person, and will be found on examination to be made up of vanity, cruelty, and cowardice; he indulges in the two former, but is betrayed by the latter. He is forward to insult, because he is predetermined to shrink from the dangerous consequences his insults might threaten to bring upon him; and by indulging in the practice of bullying, he is in fact playing a game in which there is a great deal of counterfeit reputation to be won, and much base vanity to be gratified, but little or nothing to be lost by him: you may, at the end of the game, kick him in the breech, and he will politely thank you for so distinguishing a mark of attention, provided you call not upon him for the stakes. His great enjoyment is in attacking men from whom he can win off hand, but he is amazingly shy of those who know how to play.

An instance of this kind occurred within my own observation at Ostend, in 1815, in which the character of a swaggerer was completely developed and effectually disgraced. The person I allude to, belonged to one of the regiments which were sent out to garrison Ostend, farther than which town they did

not proceed in the campaign. An officer, who had not only served at Waterloo, but in most of the actions in the Peninsula, was insulted in a coffee-room by a low person, attached to one of the departments of the army; and of so inferior a rank, that he chose rather to report his gross misconduct to his commanding officer than to degrade himself by fighting a duel with him. The Swaggerer, who was a needy fellow, and one who would be the bottle friend of anybody who would treat him, was, it appeared, upon terms of intimacy with the person who insulted the officer; and, in his defence, thought proper to display himself, a few nights after the other had been reported. The result proved, that in this he made a totally false estimate of the officer's courage, and was deceived in the confidence or hope that an insult from him would be met by the same return as that given to his low companion. Under this idea he placed himself, in company with others of his own class, at a table in the coffee-room, close to one where the officer alluded to was sitting, engaged at a game of backgammon with a friend. The mode of attack which he then adopted, was

to allude, in the most insulting terms, to the affront given a few days before to the officer; and in so loud a voice, that it was evident he intended that the allusions should be heard; he talked of white feathers, "shy cocks," &c. all which the officer appeared to take no notice of, so that the talker became "stronger in his strength," and blustered away in such a manner as made all who heard him suppose he was a most determined fire-eater, and that his stomach would digest lead with as much ease as a cock ostrich's would a horse's shoe. Nothing farther took place in the affair that evening, and all parties separated; but next morning the *denouement* was brought about, which I have no doubt was as little expected by Mr. Swagger as that he himself was not a "monstrous excellent" gentleman. The officer's friend called upon him ere he was out of bed; and in sending up his card, intimated that he would wait until the gentleman had "made his toilette." Word was immediately returned, that he might "walk up."

On perceiving the countenance and air of the visitor, the hero of cups, who had not yet stirred from his bed, made an effort to conceal his fears by

a forced compliment; and when he learned the nature of the visit clearly, and saw that there was no loop-hole open for a jump, he declared solemnly he did not recollect a single word which passed from his lips the night before, and offered to make the most ample apology. He was therefore requested to rise, which he did with the obedience of a timid child; and having done so, was directed to write down, word after word, one of the most humiliating apologies that a determined head could dictate; and having done so, was farther *requested* to appear in the coffee-room where the insult passed, and to read the paper to the company. Even this he agreed to; but it was only an agreement, for he never appeared at the appointed place; his regiment was ordered home to be disbanded, so he started off to England by the next packet. The apology, however, was read in the coffee-room, and afforded an admirable lesson to any swaggerer who might have been present.*

* Another case of rank cowardice, hooded with boasting and swaggering, will be found in the sketch entitled "*A Rough Passage to Portugal*," at another part of this work.

Our French neighbours, who would have us to think they would fly to the field of single combat as readily as would a cock pheasant, are not without the swaggering white feather. I recollect some instances of this—particularly when the British army arrived victorious at Bordeaux, the field of ancient British glory. Scarcely an officer or soldier could, whilst we were there, escape a fight of some sort. Our soldiers, who cared neither for duelling nor its laws, levelled, in good style, the insulters, by a few "*facers*," *à la* Cribb, and settled the contest by committing their antagonists' heads to chancery; but the officers had as many duels to provide for daily, while amongst the Gascons, as they had tradesmen's bills; all which they settled as honourable men should settle their accounts—by paying off every one in his own coin.

One night, while in the theatre, an Irish gentleman and myself were quietly enjoying the performance (the house crowded with British officers and fine women; for the beauties of Bordeaux fought no duels with us, except those in which nothing but the heart is to be lost, they having nothing else to lose), when an officer of one of the French

corps took up a position exactly behind my friend, and in a fierce and brutal manner opened a volley of abuse upon him, in French, interlarding his language with English extracts, such as "*Beef-stek!*" "*Ros-beef!*" and then serving up the vegetable "*pomme de terre,*" *secundum artem;* nothing of which my high-spirited but unfrenchified friend comprehended in the slightest degree. All the notice he took of the outrage was by saying to me, "This French fellow is making a great fuss; what the devil is he jabbering about?" Had I answered by stating the fact, Heaven help the Frenchman! he would have been in the pit in a second; but knowing the irascibility of my Hibernian companion, I replied evasively, determined to take a better opportunity for resentment.

The play went on, and the assailant went away; but I knew that he attended the theatre every night. I informed my friend when we went home of what had happened: his rage became almost ungovernable. We of course proceeded to the theatre the next night, and met the Frenchman in the saloon. He was leaning against a table, taking an ice; and, as previously arranged, one of us took our station close upon each side of him, and

began a dialogue in English, of the same cast as the insulting soliloquy in French, the previous night, introducing certain French words which were not to be misunderstood. This we were wrong in doing; but my friend insisted that "it would be useless to call him out without taking a little bit of satisfaction out of him, for his impudence." Accordingly, we enjoyed a considerable quantity of fun, at the expense of the Frenchman, who at length blustered out and demanded what we meant, in a most cut-and-thrust manner. "What does he say?" said my friend to me. I told him. "O faith, I 'll soon answer you, Sir," said he, and seizing the Frenchman's nose, (a long one) he tweaked it in such a tortuous and effective style, as made the mouth beneath it roar, "Nothing now but *immediate* satisfaction." After this I explained the matter, and the Frenchman seemed astonished at the aspect which affairs had taken. He departed, assuring us that he would return in half an hour with his friend. We informed him that he would find us in the theatre. There we remained, to the last moment of its being open: but had we stayed a month, we

should not have had another word about the nose affair.

Thus, even in the army, both of England and France, a cowardly braggart will occasionally show himself. This, however, very seldom happens, owing to the certainty of disgrace, which attends the exposure of their false pretensions.

Another character is also to be met with in the army, nearly as injurious to its internal peace as the swaggerer. This is the man who, from weakness of judgment, flies to duelling for the rectification of every trifling dispute—one who thinks that a mere contradiction is "the lie." These are not sanguinary heroes, and will fire in the air, or exchange shots with the most perfect good-nature; but they must argue by duel, and the first pop settles the argument. An example of this is within my recollection:—a Major W. and a Captain W. fell into a most trivial dispute. Cards passed. The parties met—the seconds and the principals, as polite and good-humoured as if they had assembled to shoot at a target for a wager. "Beg the Major to move a little to the right." "The Captain may have *our* pistols with pleasure."

"We are much obliged to the Major," and so on. They both fired at once—both fell, and then in the coolest manner possible, addressed each other thus:

"Captain, are you wounded?"

"I am, Major."

"So am I—mortally!"

There was but one house near, and in one room were these unhappy victims of a diseased refinement obliged to remain for a whole night, before the termination of which Major W. died. The other recovered, after a long confinement from a most severe wound in the hip.

A third character is one who goes to extremities at once, and deals out the lie or the blow in the heat of passion. There are few quarrels that cannot be amicably arranged by judicious seconds, *if* the lie or blow have not passed; but those who deal in such acts or expressions, generally lose their lives in duelling. Many have fallen in this way, and many but narrowly escaped, owing to the almost impossibility of settling the matter without a bloody or protracted combat.

Two officers, a Lieutenant and a Surgeon, quarreled in this way at Ostend, in 1815. They were

intimate friends, and had differed in a public coffee-room about a trifling bet at backgammon, when the Lieutenant gave the unqualified lie to the other in a loud voice, and in the presence of several gentlemen. The Surgeon instantly knocked him down, and in his rage kicked him out of the room. A message was sent next day from the Lieutenant at twelve o'clock, and a meeting was appointed to take place at four, outside the ramparts. The parties met, each attended by a second. There was also a mutual friend, and a Flemish surgeon. The combatants took their distance at ten paces. The earth was covered with snow, and afforded, therefore, a greater chance of a hit from either side; but the evening was drawing in dusky. There was scarcely a word spoken by any of the party; and from the nature of the quarrel, no hope of separating without blood was entertained. The combatants stood back to back, close together, and each marched five paces, when the words "*halt —front—fire*" were given. They fired: the Surgeon in a very elevated direction above his antagonist's head, the Lieutenant point blank at his man without effect. The former fired as described

without letting his second previously know that he intended to do so, and (as he afterwards declared) for the purpose of terminating the affair; he feeling satisfied that his antagonist, although the first aggressor, was in no way his creditor. This, however, was unnoticed by both his own second and that of his opponent.

It was now demanded by the Lieutenant's party whether the Surgeon was disposed to apologize, and answered in the negative. The pistols were again loaded, and the Surgeon, seeing that nothing but blood or apology could terminate the matter, proposed by his second to advance two paces closer every round. This was declined by the Lieutenant's party. The word was again given, and it was evident that neither of the combatants intended to leave their next shot to chance, for each took deliberate aim while one could count ten; yet, strange to say, (although both well-known good shots) neither ball took effect. They certainly could not have been many hairs' breadth from fate. I saw the aim of the pistols from a hedge close by; both men were as steady as rocks, and I fully expected to see both fall.

It was now getting dark: the apology was again demanded, and again refused. Another round was inevitable; but there were no more balls which would fit both pistols. It was, therefore, proposed that the seconds should return to the town for them. This was agreed to, and the combatants returned both to a cottage or farm-house near, where they coolly sat by the kitchen fire while the balls were preparing—at least half an hour—for it was necessary to cast the balls. It was by this time settled night, but the moon rose very bright; which, together with the reflection from the snow, gave a tolerably good light. The men took their ground once more—all parties silent—again was the word given—and again deliberate and slower aim was taken. One pistol missed fire, the other was harmless.

There had now been three hours spent: the seconds, however, consulted, and both the combatants shook hands. It was a heart-sickening scene to all; and more so when it was observed that each of the opponents expressed themselves happy that the other had escaped. It is but justice to say, that when the surgeon informed him (all being then

over) that he had fired in the air, the most generous assurance was given that if it had been known to the Lieutenant's party at the time, they would not have fired another shot: the surgeon declared that he did so from a repugnance to fire at his friend, when he felt that he had taken summary satisfaction the night before; he therefore fired obliquely, and not palpably upwards, in hopes that one shot would satisfy the Lieutenant without affording a chance to misconstrue the surgeon's good feelings towards him.

Thus terminated a duel, which, but for something like a miracle, would have been fatal to one or both of these mutual friends. The lie was an irritating insult; but had the insulted acted prudently, he would not have returned it by a blow, and therefore would have held a greater power over his opponent. He should have sent him an immediate message, and the consequences most likely would have been that an apology as public as the insult would have been made: in my mind, a far greater triumph than the death of the insulter, for such is the moral humility from conviction of having committed an injury; and the

atonement is ample. If no insult except a blow (or even that in some cases) were returned on the moment, but cool and determined steps taken for gentlemanly satisfaction, there would be but few fatal duels; for few men when under the influence of calm reason (a state seldom attending the man while insulting) will hesitate to make every amends in his power. If otherwise, then is the pistol the friend.

In almost every case of duel, it is not the wish to kill, or injure, but to vindicate our wounded pride or honour, that urges us to satisfaction; therefore should every fight be under the direction of a prudent and honourable friend, who will neither carelessly throw away the life entrusted to his charge, nor compromise its honour. After an insult is given, the sooner the insulted cuts off communication with the insulter, the better; then matters will have the best chance of terminating as they ought. If this maxim were universal, how many lives would have been saved! how many lives, also, which have dwindled out in sorrow and repining, for the death of friends by rash duels, would have passed without remorse and pain!

A Major* would not have expired ignominiously on a scaffold for shooting a brother-officer; nor a Lieutenant† have drawn tears from the judge of a criminal court by the excess of his grief for the rash slaughter of his friend.

* This case occurred in Ireland about twenty years ago :—The Major followed a Lieutenant to his room, forced him to stand before him, and the latter fell. The Major was hanged. Both left wives and orphans!

† Lieutenant Kenny and Dr. Chambers.

NIGHTS IN THE GUARD-HOUSE.

No. III.

"MAKE haste with yir tay, there, Pollard, an' let yir wife go home to her quarthers, for it's gettin' as dark as the divil; an' for a young good-lookin' English woman like her, it 's not fit she should be out so late of a-night."

"There, Mulligan: I 'm done. Here, Mary, take away the tin pot, and be off home," replied private Pollard, finishing the last sup of his two pints of good home-brewed tea.

Mrs. Pollard was the woman who messed for the squad now on guard; and a very pretty, neat, little, black-silk-bonneted "Lancashire witch"

she was: one who had been daring enough to leave a comfortable home to couple her fortunes with a private soldier; yet virtuous enough to live in the midst of a regiment, affectionate and faithful to her husband.

"Well, I 'm sure! this *is* a dark night, Mr. Mulligan," said Mrs. Pollard, looking out. "But I says nothing to nobody as I goes along; and I 'm sure I shaunt meet no harm—'ticklerly as I walks pretty sharpish."

"I see yir not afeard o' the Irish fellows afther all, Mrs. Pollard," said Mulligan.

"La bless you! not I. When I was a-coming over to Hoireland I was told by the folk in our town as how the Hoirish were all woild, and that they used to hunt un in the woods to tame un. Feather's John swore to me that he seed one on 'em with wings and a tail. But, La bless yi! I didn't think much on 't. I was a little afraid, to be sure, at first. I didn't think there was houses and fields, and trees, loik as we have un in Lancashire; but I never believed the Hoirish had ony thing loik wings or tails."

[*A laugh from the whole guard.*]

"Well," asked Mulligan, "what d' ye think of 'em now, Mrs. Pollard?"

"Why, now I finds 'em just loik ony other folk: they 're civil and koind; and I 'm sure the country is very foin and very cheap. Ecod! I don't care how long we stops here!—Good night, Pollard: Serjeant, good night—Good night, lads all." And Mrs. Pollard in her pattens toddled off to her quarters.

"'Pon my sowl," said Mulligan, "the counthry people in England are as ignorant as hogs about Ireland. They do really suppose us all to be outlandishers. Maybe its because we don't spake in their own hoppy-go-jumpy sort of lingo, that they think we are such bugaboos."

"It 's na' sa muckle o' that, neither," observed Serjeant Mac Fadgen, as he lighted his pipe. "I 'll tell y' what it is: the English think that a mon is nathing at a' if he 's been born out o' England."

"Well, perhaps a great many think so," said Corporal O'Callagan; "but in the coorse of my life I fell in with plenty of Englishmen who were just as good as any other people, and as liberal in their feelings, as regards not only Ireland but every

other counthry. I 'll grant ye that they were dacent and well ejucated men; for I do certainly think the lower ordthers of England are just as ignorant and as pigheaded as any people on the face o' the earth."

"'Deed, Corporal, I think there is na muckle difference in a' mankind when they 're very ignorant—ay or when they are educated: as our Bardy says,

'The man's the man for a' that.'"

"Yes, but look at the recruits that Sargent Brown and Jack Andrews brought over from Winchesther last September," said Corporal Callagan: "did ever you see such a set o' regular blutherumbunios in your life? the divil a one o' them could do the "*right-left*" sthrill for full six weeks! an' look at the Irish and the Scotch fellows! the great, raw, ugly, romikin divils that we got at the same time; why they could move a company off the parade in little more nor that time, as well as I could myself."

"It 's na use o' talkin', Corporal," replied Mac Fadgen, "the English sodgers are gude, the Scotch sodgers are gude, an' the Irish sodgers are gude;

but the Scotch an' Irish enter the sarvice to beetter themselves, while the English 'list from misfortune: *we* tak it as a wife, for beetter or for worse, to live an' dee by it; but the English tak it only as sort o' reemedy; they dinna like it; but it's oor meat an' drink; and that 's the reason why we make mair progress in learnin' oor duty. Yet if ye get an Englishman but fairly into it, heart an' han', he 'll turn oot as gude an' as brave a sodger as ever bore a musket over his shouther."

"Why, to be sure, Sargeant, there is a dale o' thruth in that," replied O'Callaghan: "I only say, that we larn the business quicker, because it's more in our way; but faith! I 've met English boys in the Peninsula, that never were surpassed by any sodgers on earth—right steady fellows—proper salamandthers—men who would jump into a breach undther a flankin' fire as soon as any divils in the world. I 'm only saying that they are as ignorant before they 'list as we are, an' have no rason at all at all in talking about Irishmen or Scotchmen as one bit below them."

"*Below* them! eh?—Pooh! that's a' to be put to nathing, but raight doon ignorance," said the

Sergeant; "I never knew any Englishmon that wasn't either a booby or a puppy, wha didn't think we were quite as gude as themsels."

"Damn'd if you a'nt right, Sergeant," observed Jack Andrews: "I am an Englishman, born and reared. I have seen the world, and as you say, Sergeant, the Englishman *must* be either a booby or puppy, who places himself and his countrymen above either Scotch or Irish. The fact is, we have all fought together, and will fight again, please God and the Holy Alliance. Was that fellow, snoring there on the guard-bed, an Englishman, when he rescued me from the gripe of three French grenadiers, by the fair dint of battering their heads with the butt end of his musket—I mean Dennis Tool? Did *he* consider that he was fighting to rescue an Englishman or his own countryman? We were two against four: he shot the fellow who attacked him, and got me safe from the other three: and it was when we were on picket, cut off clean from our guard. I say, that I never, during the whole time I served in the Peninsula, saw or heard of any difference as re-

gards country; it is only at home that there is bickering on that subject."

"Well, faith! I suppose, it's to keep their hands in practice, that they fight and wallop each other at home, having no more enemies to fight with abroad," remarked the Corporal.

"And as to difference—I 'd be glad to know where that lay on the bullock-cars which carried down the wounded men from Busaco, after the bit o' business we had there. *You* were amongst 'em, O'Callaghan, as well as me. *There* was a pretty mess of English, Scotch, and Irish broken legs; *there* was your national blood dropping from the cars—and it appeared all of the same colour. The cursed rough roads and broken wheels didn't spare *me* more than *you*, Corporal; and the canteen that wet the Scotch and Irish lips, and kept life in them, was not ungrateful to the Englishman's at the point of death. We had no difference then, either on country or religion; every jolt of the wheels made us feel that we all suffered alike for our King and for our Country—Great Britain. I wish some of our talkative argufiers in London had got a glimpse of us all there, they wouldn't be in-

clined to make much *differ* between the men, who, after all, must bear the brunt of their quarrels."

"Raight, Andrews, raight," warmly cried the Sergeant. "The deil crack my croon, but ye speak like a mon; the pooliticians wha endeevour to mak diveesion amongst the three nations, are na friends to the King nor their ain country neither."

"Oh! the divel a doubt o' that," said the Corporal.

"And to talk about stupid recruits," continued Jack Andrews. "You should see the yokels we picked up at Winchester fair last year. They were just as easy to be gulled—if not easier—than any Pat I ever caught. I'll just tell you how we worked the oracle there. The party was ordered out on the first day of the fair: it consisted of the Depot Sergeant-major, Sergeant Brown of ours, a Sergeant of the 76th, a couple of Corporals, and half a dozen privates, with a fifer as tall as a lamp-post, and a drummer not bigger than the drum he carried. I and a fellow of the name of Peters were supplied with coloured clothes, and smock frocks, so as to appear like country gawkies. All the officers of the Depot went dis-

guised as coachmen, grooms, fancy covies, &c., so as not to be known by the townspeople. However, *they* only went for a lark: *we* went a fishing for gudgeons. The party mustered at nine o'clock, and marched out of the barracks with streaming cockades, to the tune of 'The Downfall of Paris.' The fat Sergeant-major took a position ten yards in front, and the party occupying at least a hundred yards in length. Peters and I mixed with the crowd, and followed with our mouths open, like the rest of the folk: *down* the *high* street—*round* the *square*—the long fifer puffing his lungs out, and the pigmy drummer bumping his knees against his parchment box of wind: the Sergeant-major with the hilt of his sword in a parallel line with his bow-window belly, and keeping time to a nicety, while the motley group behind—some of the guards—some of the line—some of the rifles—all sorts of facings—marching as proudly as if they were triumphantly entering Madrid. When the party got to the fair, Peters and I left them, and strutted about, shying at cocks for gingerbread, and playing all manner of pranks, until a favourable opportunity

offered of breaking our mind to the yokels, who fell in with us. Then we began to represent ourselves as lads who had a 'nation deal of work to do,' and so on, all of which remarks were instantly echoed by the gulls about us. We then would offer cheerfully to treat them, and so adjourn to the nearest tent, where, after a few pots of beer, we at once declared our intention to list with the party, and spun out a long rigmarole of how my eldest brother, who listed that day three years, was now a Captain in India, as rich as a Nabob. Thus we went on, and in general we had little more to do than to let one of us slip off for the Sergeant of the party, who dropped in, as if by accident. All this was soon arranged, and I of course offered a drink to the Sergeant, and shook hands with him: he joined us as one of our best friends, every body shaking hands with him, when I at length started up, and offered to list on the minute, if any body joined me. Peters then rose in a jolly off-handed-way, and immediately offered to make one with me. The shilling was put into each of our hands in the King's name, and we gave three cheers. Ten to one, but two or three

more out of the company followed our example. If not, the Sergeant sat down, pulled out a fist-full of money, and a couple of watches; observing that, as we were now King's men, he was happy to have it in his power to reward us with a trifle of the bounty money, and to make each of us a present of a good silver-watch out of the Captain's pocket—adding, that there were now eight vacancies for Sergeants in the regiment, and he was sure that, if any well-looking young man would push for one of them, he would have it before the week was out. You would be astonished to see the effect the watches had; perhaps three or four would offer on the instant: but the making of the Sergeants was sure to bring them down. I never shall forget one fellow—Turner, I mean—he of the grenadier company, you know:—when Sergeant Brown had enlisted seven of them, this fellow stands up, and he says, with a slap on the table, 'Oi tells you what, Mr. Sergeant; you 'll not have me unless you makes me the same thing as yourself *now;* so, if you loiks to do that, whoy here 's your man.' 'Well,' says Brown, 'how tall are you? let me see—Ay—a

good size—about five feet eleven.—With all my heart; you shall be a Sergeant.'

"Brown then cut three pieces of white tape, and pinned them on Turner's right sleeve, in the form of V's; he then drew his sword, made the fellow kneel down; and with a tone of martial command, cried out, 'Rise, Sergeant Turner, in the name of St. George and the Dragon.'

"The thing was done—the shilling given—and the new 'Sergeant,' as conceited as a Colonel's pug, took his station in the ranks of the party. When the gulls asked for watches and money, seeing that Peters and I got both, the Sergeant said he had given two-and-twenty away that day, but that he had just sent up to the barracks for six-and-twenty more, as well as two hundred pounds in money. We 'had done the trick,' as they say, and brought in eighteen as able-bodied boobies as any in Hampshire. But what do you think we did the day after? We employed a gipsy fellow to sit in a tent all day, with a fur cap and a false beard on him, to tell fortunes in favour of us."

"Hoo the deel's that?" demanded M'Fadgen.

"Why, I 'll tell you. We got the tent from

the store—an old marquee—and we instructed the gipsy to tell every fellow who he saw was likely to suit, that his fortune lay in a red coat; that he was to be a high officer in a marching regiment, and to marry a General's daughter—with a hundred other things; such as—that he was born to be a great man, and that he had it in his countenance. To the young women he would say, that either their brothers or their sweethearts were to be great generals in the army, and that they themselves were to be officers' ladies. The simple girls would run directly to their sweethearts, and tell what they had heard of future greatness; and it was ten to one but the booby who heard it, went first and got drunk; then, half gin half joy, entered the road to glory by a silver ticket in the shape of a shilling. It is not always that you can humbug the Irish and Scotch so: if they are not previously inclined to enlist, scarcely any thing will make them do so; indeed the Irish very often humbug the *sergeant* out of a skinful of drink, and then hop off, without even *touching* the silver trap. They are easier enlisted, from their poverty; but

not half so easily humbugged as my countrymen, the worthy John Bulls."

"By dad, Jack," observed Mulligan, "*you* 're no fool, at all events. I wonder how the devil they ever caught you."

"My own will," replied Jack. "I was educated well; my parents died when I was but young. I ran away, and went on the stage, where I starved a couple of years; and having got acquainted with a sergeant in Portsmouth, I learnt the nature of the service. I examined a soldier's life thoroughly; and, on mature consideration, gave it the preference to that of a wanderer without profession or trade. I knew that if I did my duty I could be happy, and I entered determined to do it. I *have* done it, and I *am* happy—perhaps more so than many men in trade, who call themselves rich."

"Jock Andrews, ye speak your sentiments like a good sodger, and I hope afore long that ye 'll have the stripes. Indeed I think yir mark'd oot for it. I agree with ye, there is nae sort o' common life where a man is so weel off as a sodger

wha does his duty; but he *must* do his duty, mind ye. He has got his comfortable hame with his comrades, his breakfast of brochan *, or tea, or coffee—his dinner o' gude boiled or roast beef, with potatoes—a clean table-cloth, an' a knife and fork; his bed foond him; his claithes foond him; his hospital in sickness, and his barrack-room in health; an' after a' this, a trifle in his pouch to keep the De'il out. He has na bill to pay—not a baubee. What mair does he want? Show me the workin' man o' ony trade wha can say that he has got mair, an' stands clean oot o' debt."

"Not one in England," replied Andrews.

"An' I 'm sure you won't find one in Ireland," observed O'Callaghan.

"This is while the sodger is employed in the three kingdoms; but look at him abroad. There he has a' found him, an' o' th' best the country can afford, for twa pence an' a baubee ilka day; the remainder he has to spen'—at least he can coont on saxpence a-day clean out o' a', an' just to do as he likes wi'."

"By the powers, Serjeant!" exclaimed private

* Oatmeal porridge.

Mulligan, "if I had fifty brothers an' sisthers, I 'd make them all list directly, so I would; and I wouldn't exchange my situation now with any mechanic at two guineas a-week, who works like a pack-hors, and afther all, in rags and in dirt—not a testher* to bless himself with. It 's only lazy, hulking, ill-tempered fellows, that dislike a sodger's life; they don't like to be ordthered, nor to be clane and dacent; an' so they get kicked about like an owld hat, as they desarve: but let a man do his juty as a man, an' he will find himself respected an' happy; no body dar say *ill you done it*, but all things will go smooth, and he 'll be as comfortable an' as snug as a bug in a rug."

"Well done, Mulligan! Bravo! bravo!" roared out all the guard; and an applauding laugh from every listener produced an agreeable effect upon the face of the worthy private, who, no doubt, would have resumed his subject, but that the hour for relieving the posts was arrived—and this put an end to the *confab.*

* An Irish appellation for sixpence.

THE BISCUIT.

——— T'would disarm
The spectre Death, had he the substantial power to harm.
Byron.

Our advanced guard had been skirmishing with the enemy for five days—and with empty stomachs. The Commissary of the division had either missed us in his march with the provisions, for which he had been dispatched to the rear, or else had not been successful in procuring a supply: but whatever might have been the cause, the consequence was trying to us; for the men, officers and all, were wholly without provisions for three days. At the time the Commissary went to the rear, two pounds of biscuit, one pound of meat, and a pint

of wine, were served out to each individual; and upon this quantity we were forced to exist for five days; for nothing was to be bought: if we had been loaded with gold, we could not have purchased a morsel of any sort of food.

Most of the men, from having been accustomed to disappointment in supplies of rations, managed their little stock of provision so economically, that it lasted nearly three days; and some were so gastronomically ingenious and heroic, as to have extended it to four. But, on the other hand, the greatest number were men of great appetite and little prudence, who saw and tasted the end of their rations on the second day after possession. Indeed, the active life in which all were then engaged, left few without that piquant relish for their food, which the rich citizen in the midst of his luxury might gladly exchange half his wealth for: the greatest of them all, in taste as well as purse, can never enjoy his epulation with so enviable a zest, as those campaigners did their coarse dry beef, and flinty biscuit.

As the men grew weaker, the work grew heavier; and as hunger increased, so did the ne-

cessity for physical exertion. The enemy were constantly annoying us, and every hour of the day brought a skirmish, either with their little squads of cavalry, their riflemen, or their Voltigeurs.* The rifles would advance by the cover of a hedge, or hill perhaps, while the Voltigeurs would suddenly dart out from a ditch, into which they had crept under cover of the weeds, and fall upon our pickets with the ferocity of bull-dogs; and when they were mastered, would (if not killed, wounded, or held fast) scamper off like kangaroos. In like manner, the cavalry would try to surprise us; or, if they could not steal upon us, would dash up, fire their pistols, and, if well opposed, gallop off again—particularly if any of our cavalry were near; for they never liked close quarters with the British dragoons, owing, no doubt, to the superior strength and power of our horses: —this is as regards mere skirmishing. The French dragoons, when so situated as to be able to ride close to ours without danger of "cut and thrust,"

* Troops of very short stature and strong make, very much esteemed by Napoleon. They wore short breeches, and half gaiters. None of the men were more than five feet three inches high.

would skirmish for hours—they would retire, load, advance, fire, and off again; but they very prudently disliked the steel.

On the fifth morning after the commissary had delivered the rations above mentioned, we had a very sharp brush with the enemy. A company of infantry and a few dragoons were ordered to dislodge the French from a house in which they had a party, and which was necessary to the security of our position; for from this house they used to sally upon our pickets in a most annoying manner. The French, not more than about fifty in number, made a considerable resistance: they received the English with a volley from the windows, and immediately retreated to a high bank behind the house: from this point they continued to fire until their flank was threatened by our dragoons, when they retreated in double-quick disorder, leaving about fifteen killed and wounded.

Our men were then starving. The poor fellows, although they had forgotten their animal wants in the execution of their duty, plainly displayed in their faces the weakness of their bodies. Every man of the crowded encampment looked wan and me-

lancholy; but all kept up their flagging spirits by resolution and patience. Many a manly fellow felt in silence the bitterness of his situation, and many a forced Hibernian joke was passed from a suffering heart to lighten a comrade's cares. There was no upbraiding, for all were sufferers alike; and, with the exception of a few pardonable curses on the commissary, there was no symptom of turbulence—all was manly patience.

In about an hour after the taking of the old house in front, I went out from our huts in a wood to see the place of action. I met four or five of our men wounded, led and carried by their comrades. The officer commanding the party now joined me, and walked back to the house, to give farther directions regarding other wounded men not yet removed. When we had gone about fifty yards, we met a wounded soldier carried very slowly in a blanket by four men. As soon as he saw the officer who was along with me, he cried out in a feeble but forced voice, "Stop! stop!—lay me down:—let me speak to the Captain." The surgeon, who was along with him, had no objection, for (in my opinion) he

thought the man beyond the power of his skill, and the sufferer was laid gently down upon the turf, under the shade of a projecting rock. I knew the wounded man's face in a moment, for I had often remarked him as being a steady well-conducted soldier: his age was about forty-one or two, and he had a wife and two children in England. I saw death in the poor fellow's face. He was shot in the throat—or rather between the shoulder and the throat: the ball passed apparently downwards, probably from having been fired from the little hill on which the French posted themselves when they left the house. The blood gurgled from the wound at every exertion he made to speak. I asked the surgeon what he thought of the man, and that gentleman whispered, "It is all over with him." He said he had done every thing he could to stop the blood, but found, from the situation of the wound, that it was impossible to succeed.

The dying soldier, on being laid down, held out his hand to my friend the Captain, which was not only cordially received, but pressed with pity and tenderness by that officer. "Sir," said the unhappy

man, gazing upon his Captain with such a look as I shall never forget—"Sir, you have been my best friend ever since I entered the regiment—you have been every man's friend in the company, and a good officer.—God bless you!—You saved me once from punishment, which you and all knew afterwards, that I was unjustly sentenced to.—God bless you!"—Here the tears came from his eyes, and neither the Captain nor any one around could conceal their kindred sensation. All wept silently.

The poor sufferer resumed;—"I have only to beg, Sir, you will take care that my dear wife and little ones shall have my back pay as soon as possible:—I am not many hours for this world." The Captain pressed his hand, but could not speak. He hid his face in his handkerchief.

"I have done my duty, Captain—have I not, Sir?"

"You have, Tom, you have—and nobly done it," replied the Captain, with great emotion.

"God bless you!—I have only one thing more to say."—Then addressing one of his comrades, he asked for his haversack, which was immediately handed to him.—"I have only one thing to say,

Captain:" said he, "I have not been very well this week, Sir, and did not eat all my rations.—I have one biscuit—it is all I possess.—You, as well as others, Sir, are without bread;—take it for the sake of a poor grateful soldier—take it—take it, Sir, and God be with you—God Almighty be with you!"

The poor, good-natured creature was totally exhausted, as he concluded; he leaned back—his eyes grew a dull glassy colour—his face still paler, and he expired in about ten minutes after, on the spot. The Captain wept like a child.

Few words were spoken. The body was borne along with us to the wood where the division was bivouacked, and the whole of the company to which the man belonged attended his interment, which took place in about two hours after.

He was wrapped in his blanket, just as he was, and laid in the earth. The Captain himself read a prayer over his grave, and pronounced a short, but impressive eulogy on the merits of the departed. He showed the men the biscuit, as he related to them the manner in which it had been given to him, and he declared he would never taste it, but *keep* the token in remembrance of the good sol-

dier, even though he starved. The commissary, however, arrived that night, and prevented the necessity of trial to the Captain's amiable resolution. At the same time, I do believe, that nothing would have made him eat the biscuit.

This is no tale of fiction: the fact occurred before the author's eyes. Let no man then, in his ignorance, throw taunts upon the soldier, and tell him, that his gay apparel and his daily bread are paid for out of the citizen's pocket. Rather let him think on this biscuit, and reflect, that the soldier earns his crust as well as he, and when the day of trial comes, will bear the worst and most appalling privations, to keep the enemy from snatching *the last biscuit out of the citizen's mouth*. It is for his countrymen at *home* that he starves—it is for them he dies.

THE BATTLE OF THE GRINDERS.

A DOMESTIC "AFFAIR."

Quarrelsome dogs get dirty coats.

Old Proverb.

It is to be greatly regretted that the lower orders of the people in some of the towns where the military are quartered, often quarrel with the soldiers; and it is still more so, that the fault is generally, most unjustly, thrown upon the latter. From the admirable order which is preserved throughout the whole of the British army, ill conduct upon the part of the soldiery towards the people, as rarely occurs as it escapes exemplary punishment. A drunken soldier, like any other

drunken individual, may be occasionally insolent or outrageous; but certainly not more so because he *is* a soldier. Unless under the effects of intoxication, the first offence never—or at least very seldom—comes from the soldier to the civilian. On the contrary, there exists, among the inhabitants of many towns, a strong disposition to insult the military—more particularly the officers: but this reprehensible disposition, I am happy to think, is wholly confined to the lowest order of the people. An authentic fact, which I am about to relate, throws considerable light upon the real nature of such quarrels. It is but too true, that when the report of an affray between those two ingredients in the state goes forth, every body exclaims, that the soldiers are in the wrong, and should be checked; military despotism is held up as making rapid strides; and British liberty is represented as in danger of being trodden under foot, forsooth, by an insolent soldiery! This is often the cry, even amongst enlightened men, when they hear of a quarrel between the military and the people, or rather the *rabble;* for, thank God! the men properly designated by that grand and mighty

term, "*the people*," are far removed in mind as well as manners, from those composing the ignorant and factious class who delight in doing all the injury in their power, not only to a soldier, but to every one entrusted with the preservation of social order. These, thank God! are also of the fewer number.

The Grinders* (as they are termed) of Sheffield were formerly very annoying to the dragoons quartered near them; and, unless they have changed their manners within the last three or four years, continue in that evil disposition to this day. But I have little hope that any change has taken place; for they appeared of that order whose noses were peculiarly suited to the grinding-stone; and though the wheel may go round for half a century, it will, I fear, never give their intellects a polish, even of the dullest kind. But although the better classes of Sheffielders are neither famous for hospitality to nor regard for the military, yet they are never forward in offering disrespect to them; and the officers quartered amongst them have

* The lowest order of workmen employed in the manufacture of cutlery.

sometimes met with individuals worthy of that gratitude which is due for every cordial and hospitable attention.

Some years ago, the 5th Dragoon Guards, or Green Horse, were on duty at Sheffield.—The officers of the heavy dragoons, to which class this regiment belongs, have never been remarkable for military coxcombry; on the contrary, they have been always remarked for sedate and gentlemanly demeanour. There is, therefore, less pretext for the insult which gave rise to the conflict I am about to describe.

Two of the Green Horse officers—a captain and a subaltern, were proceeding quietly from Sheffield towards their barracks, which lay about half a mile out of the town: a squad of Grinders coming from their work overtook them; and, grinning through the dirty tunic which invariably covers the faces of all their tribe, opened a volley of gibes and jeers upon the officers. "There be two b—— red herrings!" said one. "They 're a gotten more gould on their jackets than in their pockets,* I 'll war-

* Both the officers were men of considerable private fortune. One was a captain, now retired from the army, and residing on his estate at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

rant," observed another, and so on; accompanying their coarse remarks by an expression of countenance and manner not to be misunderstood by the passers-by, who rather encouraged the outrage by approving looks. This provoking annoyance continued several minutes, but the officers walked quietly on, and apparently took no notice of their persecutors. As they proceeded, two privates of their regiment happened to turn out of a passage on their way to the barracks, and thus accidentally fell in, close to the rear of the grinders; and had, therefore, a full opportunity of witnessing what was going forward. As soon as they perceived the real state of matters, both stepped up to the officers; and having given the salute in line, one of them respectfully asked, "if their honours would have any objection to let them give the fellows a small bit of a threshing." So reasonable a request could hardly be denied: the only fear the officers had, was that the grinders, who were five in number, might prove too many for the soldiers. However, a good will is half the battle; and, as the two dragoons were strapping active fellows, without any kind of arms except

those with which nature had furnished them—one, a well-made Lancashire man of five feet eleven inches, and the other, a hard square-built Hibernian, of about two inches less—and as both were in light stable dresses, which seemed *cut out* for the occasion, it was decided by the officers that their men should, if possible, render to the five grinders what, in justice, they so well deserved.

Scarcely had a minute elapsed from the issuing of orders to attack, when the five mechanics lay in various convoluted positions in the dust, the colour of which was instantly changed to florid red in various parts, owing to the operations performed upon some of the fallen noses by the knuckles of the heavy dragoons—

"And Earth blushed deep for her base sons' offences."

An attempt to rally was several times made by the grinders, but although men of *steel* and familiar with the *blade*, their skill and strength but little availed, so they prudently beat a retreat, having been first well beaten themselves.

The troops now coolly withdrew from the field of action in perfect order, having received the

unqualified thanks of the *officer commanding*. But the enemy, who had now received a considerable reinforcement, pursued by rapid marches the *Heavies*, and came up with them within about a hundred yards from the barracks. The grinders' force was now increased to about one hundred, well armed with hammers, knives, and pokers. The barrack-gate was in view of the two soldiers, who had retreated so far extremely well, but closely followed up by the enemy's skirmishers. A party of about a dozen now joined the dragoons, and attacked the foe with vigour; but this handful could do little against so numerous an enemy, except to secure an orderly retreat into the garrison. This was done, and the gates closed upon them. Meantime the grinders mustered in great numbers, receiving reinforcements from all quarters, and seemed to threaten an assault upon the barracks. A sortie was immediately determined upon, and only one restriction put upon the troopers—whose force was now about eighty—namely, that they should not carry with them to the attack their swords, pistols, or carbines, but every man should provide himself with a broom-stick. The stable-brooms

flew from their staves *instanter* at the kick of the enraged dragoons; but as there was not a sufficient number of those formidable weapons, iron sword-scabbards, shovel handles, and rack-bars, by further permission, completed the arms of the troops.

The sortie was conducted in a most admirable manner:—the gates were thrown open by an instantaneous movement: a sergeant's guard, armed with carbines and swords, appeared drawn up in line on the inside: the Grinders beheld the formidable force, and the word "*ready*", struck such a panic into their hearts, that they ran off in confusion, without waiting for the "*present.*" However, they did not run far; but halted at the end of the road, about fifty yards from the gates; and their leaders were in the act of encouraging them to return to the assault, by appealing to the powers that watched over the "*rights of the people.*"—"Magna Charta, and the cause of the Grinders!" were the last words of the chief; and the effect of his speech was manifested in loud huzzas. At this instant the Broomsticks sallied out upon the Grinders, with a desperation which

obliterated in a moment even the traces of their chief's harangue. Little was the use of the hammer, the knife, or the poker; the obtundity of the broomsticks beat down every point, and workmen with their tools were strewed along the inglorious ground—*ground* as it were, while they ought to have been employed in *grinding*. Never was military power exerted over the "power of the people" more to the satisfaction of every body, except the Grinders themselves; for they were not cut in pieces by the sword, nor their heads blown off by the ball; but belaboured with broomsticks in the most admirable and *popular* manner, by a force two-thirds inferior to their own!

It is much to be regretted that plebeian freaks should produce serious evils; but effects will follow causes, in spite of our regrets. This "affair, although attended with no loss of lives, produced considerable loss not only to the employers of the Grinders, but to the families of the unfortunate combatants; for seventy were taken wounded to the hospital in an hour after the first attack, and some suffered a long time under their wounds. They, however, received an excellent lesson, which

they did not soon forget; for when the 5th Dragoon Guards, in a few years after, were quartered amongst them, instead of insult they met with the greatest respect—(*à la distance*)—from the entire body of the Grinders.

A ROUGH PASSAGE TO PORTUGAL:

SKETCHED FOR THE

BENEFIT OF YOUNG OFFICERS.

At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are
Like human beings during civil war. BYRON.

"WHATEVER is, is right." These words served to adorn the poetry of Pope; and as a consolatory axiom, to soothe the injuries inflicted upon mankind during this "pilgrimage here below," it serves a good purpose; but, however consoling it may be to the philosopher under worldly troubles, it answers but poorly its intentions with a young subaltern, who from "the turn of a straw," has been thrown out of his promotion; and so finds his flattering day-dreams of hope turned

into painful and disappointing realities. The moral tongue may tell him—"all is for the best;" that, "whatever is, is right," and his own lip may echo the maxim with a sigh of approbation, but he cannot in his heart believe it: reflection, "like a worm i' the bud," feeds upon him with a more active and injurious tooth, than that of the insect which gnaws the page of the moralist. Of this I feel convinced, although I know I disobey the Fathers in so doing; but I cannot help it: nor can I help thinking, that the occurrences of the voyage I am about to describe, tended to any thing but the benefit of the three subalterns who encountered them; any more than I can help feeling satisfied, that the petty trickery of a boatman's trade produced the evils I allude to, and changed totally the chances and prospects in life of three individuals.

There are so many leading causes to all evils, that it is difficult to say which may be properly fixed on as the most responsible. As the smallest pebble thrown upon the silent lake will displace, imperceptibly, every particle of its waters, so does each movement of our life influence the undis-

turbed mirror of futurity which lies before us. The incidents of our existence are like the fragments within the glasses of the kaleidoscope—the slightest movement changes, more or less, the whole of the succeeding pictures. Thus were the flattering views of three individuals changed by the ordinary turn of a boatman's roguery. Had this little circumstance never occurred, a totally different course of events must necessarily have followed:—but after all, perhaps, we may say, would it have been better?

Two young and inexperienced officers, whom I will introduce under the names of Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown, were ordered, in January 1810, to join the army in Portugal. They took the coach immediately and proceeded to Portsmouth, where they received an order for a passage from Captain Patten, the agent for transports. The master of the vessel appointed for their passage happened to be in the agent's office at the time, and reported that the accommodation was desirable. His was a store-ship, which had no troops on board; so that the cabin was to be in the sole possession of the two Subalterns—no small

advantage to those who dislike the inconvenience of a sea-sick crowd, packed into fifteen feet by ten of a transport's cabin, and no prospect of good weather. The master of the vessel also informed them that there was every prospect of sailing immediately, as the wind was quite fair, and recommended them to lose no time in getting on board.

The officers hastened to embark. They remained no longer in Portsmouth than was necessary to allow of their purchasing a sea-stock of fresh provisions, consisting of half a sheep, some tea and sugar, a few loaves of fresh bread, three or four bottles of milk, and a couple of dozen of eggs. This matter did not take up more than an hour. They paid their hotel expenses, and one of them stepped down to the Point to engage a boat to take them to their ship, which was at anchor at Spithead. The fare is regulated at three shillings each boat for that distance, unless when the wind is blowing fresh, and then it is six shillings. There was a stiff breeze out; but by no means entitling boats to the double fare. The officer selected a boatman, and told him he would give him six shillings if he would take

him and his friend, but the amphibious shark, knowing that the signal was made for sailing, demanded fourteen; which unreasonable demand was agreed to and the matter settled. The officer now returned to the inn, and in ten minutes baggage and all were on the beach. But the boat was gone, nor could the boatman be found. In vain were others of his calling requested to take the fare; the vessels were getting under weigh, and nothing less than five pounds was the demand for a boat. This was evidently a trick played off by the man who was engaged for fourteen shillings, in the hope of dividing a much larger sum with whatever other of his fellows should be employed.

Now there were two strong reasons why the officers would not submit to this imposition: one might have been waived, but the other was absolute: in the first place, they thought it would be a service to the public to have the man, who had disappointed them, punished; and in the next they really could not afford to pay the sum demanded by the other boatmen. In this situation, they had the mortification to see the whole fleet set sail from the harbour.

The first consequence of this disappointment was, that they were obliged to remain five weeks longer before they could get another vessel, owing to the unfavourable winds which set in a few days after they lost their passage. Their disappointment was rendered still more galling by news from Lisbon, that the ship in which they were to have sailed had arrived in the Tagus on the sixth day after she left Portsmouth. The further consequences I will now describe.

After many visits to the Transport-Agents' office, and much grumbling from the little *official* himself, the Subalterns received an order for a passage in a very fine ship, and were soon on board. Here they found the cabin occupied only by a lieutenant of dragoons, who commanded a detachment of his regiment, also on board with their horses.

This lieutenant, who acted so prominent a part in the *rough passage*, is worthy of an outline. He was a subaltern of four or five years standing, but had yet known no more of service than the barrack parade and a good mess-dinner were capable of affording. He was the son of a rich London

tradesman—a legitimate child of Cockaigne; and as powerfully impressed with the peculiarities of that distinguished land as any of his countrymen. He could point out every feature of metropolitan amusement, from half-price at *Common*-Garden, to the Panorama*r* in Leicester-Square—could repeat the biography of all Mr. Pidcock's menagerial subjects, together with those of the Tower—understood the Sunday park-ride, and knew to a fraction the charges of all respectable horse-hirers in London—could discuss a plate of a-la-mode at the Three Cantons, or ticket his way to a Guildhall dinner—was well acquainted with Gog and Magog, and could criticize a peal of triple bob-majors with any citizen within the sound of Bow-bells. From his face, (although full twenty-seven years old,) one could tell that his taste had begun upon lolly-pops, improved in raspberry-puffs, and ultimately expanded in the sugary bosom of a twelfth-cake. He was married withal; and had but just tasted the sweets of his honey-moon, when he was ordered to embark for Portugal. This last circumstance had imparted to his countenance a strong tinge of melancholy, calculated to

remind the beholder of Liston, in the part of Romeo; indeed the sudden retreat of his chin and forehead, from the centre of the facial line, made him infinitely more interesting than even that performer could ever have been in his most sentimental characters. He had a purse pretty well filled with guineas, purchased at twenty-five shillings each, and a good stock of little luxuries for a sea-table; therefore was he civil and good-natured, as your true and genuine *cockaignee* (vulgarly spelt cockney) always is, when amongst strangers out of his own land.

When the other two Subalterns arrived on board, they were received by the Dragoon (whom we shall call Mr. Dickens) with all that condescending civility, which imaginary importance deigns to bestow upon imagined inferiority. He requested them to taste his peculiarly fine German sausage at *tea*; showed them his canteen, and praised the manufacture of it; promised to let them see his horses in the hold next day; and having himself taken the best birth in the cabin, recommended others for their acceptance.

The ship sailed next morning along with a

numerous fleet, under convoy of the Hibernia and San Joseph, for Lisbon, and things went on agreeably enough, Lieutenant Dickens having all his own way. On the fourth day after sailing, they came in sight of the high hills, and bold coast of Portugal, within a few leagues of Oporto. It was a most delightful day; the goatherds could be plainly seen on the hills; and they no doubt admired the magnificence of the fleet, which glided under them like a flock of huge sea-birds. The water was calm, but there was a sufficient breeze in the sails (which were all set before the wind) to make the passengers imagine that the objects on shore passed rapidly by — and Lieutenant Dickens looking out from the forecastle, through a newly purchased field glass, for the boats of oranges, which (as the master of the vessel said) would put off from Oporto to the fleet, wonderfully improved the picture—in his own eyes.

Nothing could be more favourable than the voyage so far; and the officers of course expected to be on shore at Lisbon, in two days more at farthest.

In these expectations they were enjoying a

pleasant dinner—the Lieutenant, from the prospect of landing, having become more condescendingly agreeable, and less inclined to muse upon his departed honey-moon. The calm sea and the sight of the land had the effect of removing from all stomachs those squeamish sensations which the rolling of the ship in the middle of the Bay of Biscay had produced, and the wine circulated well after a substantial dinner was duly disposed of.

In the course of the evening the Dragoon became peculiarly communicative, and began to comment, not only on things in general, but on things in particular: the state of the army and the state of the nation were reviewed; and in one of his harangues he roundly asserted that "the Hirish made very good private soldiers; but the *hidear* was preposterous to say that they were fit to command in the *haumy*." To this one of the Subalterns (who happened to have been born in Ireland) replied in warm but inoffensive language, recapitulating the names of some hundreds of distinguished Irish officers, at the head of whom he placed Lord Wellington, under whose command they were,

even at that moment. The Dragoon was somewhat posed at this, but rallied.

"Haw, Sir!" said he, "you mention a vast number; but I still do not *halter* my *hopinion*. Lord Wellington is a very *fortunate* man, Sir; but he is nothing of a commander; and before three months, Sir, we shall all be driven out of the Peninsular—that *hevery* body must allow."

"*I* will not allow it," replied Mr. Smith; "for one."

"Nor I, for another," rejoined Mr. Brown.

"'Pon my honour, gentlemen, you know nothing, either of politics or of the *haumy;* you *should* read the papers." With this observation the Dragoon arose from the table, put on his foraging cap, and went on deck.

Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown had not sat half an hour after the departure of the Dragoon, and had scarcely concluded their remarks on the arrogance of his manners as well as the absurdity of his opinions, when an unusual bustle was heard on deck. They went up to learn the cause, and found that a south-west wind had set in, and it was coming on to

blow hard. It was nearly dusk; but they could perceive that the fleet had tacked about from the land, and was bearing out to sea. A total change of feeling took possession of every mind; and sleep became the only resource to those who had hoped for a speedy landing.

Next morning, what a change! Where were the sunny hills—the dark shade of the rocks on the darker water? where the blue tranquil sky that but the day before anticipated the serenity of May? Vanished!—Over the stern of the ship, on the gloomy horizon, something like a rain-cloud was seen,—the land they were leaving: all overhead was one murky mass of mist; around, the increasing surges were contending against a fierce wind; the yielding vessel, half way on her side, plunging rapidly through the white and crackling foam—her body vibrating as each wave struck against her sides. And where were the ships that covered the peaceful seas with their white sails, but yesterday? Gone—dispersed! each alone in a wide circle of the ocean, surrounded by the threatenings of the storm. Like some young

voyager—perhaps, within her very planks—whose hours were passed in sailing along the peaceful and shining shores of pleasure, dreaming of beautiful things to come—in a moment separated from its happy associations; alone on the stormy sea of life, —friends all gone,—prospects wholly changed! But why do I say *perhaps?* It was *really* the case with the three Subalterns: with this bad weather came their troubles: their prospects changed even with the wind.

Before the day closed a violent gale set in, and for four succeeding weeks there was but little remission of its force; a lull for a day or so, after it had blown for eight or ten, was the only change in the determined south-west wind; and often was it terrible in its wrath, carrying away sail after sail, and obliging the ship to go under her bare poles, or one close-reefed topsail. All this time they were tacking to and fro through the Atlantic Ocean.

To Lieutenant Dickens this sudden change of weather was scarcely supportable. His temper became as foul as the wind; he grew bilious,

squeamish, sick, and irritable; he found fault with every thing, and kicked his dog. A certain degree of coolness took place between him and the other Subalterns, originating in the previous night's conversation, and fostered by the change of weather: the parties scarcely spoke to each other; and in this most unpleasant situation they continued for eight or nine days.

Quarrels are disagreeable things on shore; but on board ship, where of necessity the hostile parties are compelled to be in each others' presence, they are the most irksome of all unpleasant matters: and if they are to be avoided scrupulously in the army, while on shore, there is ten times more reason for keeping clear of them while on ship board: young officers cannot be too mindful of this; let them be affable, obliging, not too reserved, but by no means too familiar. These rules apply to society in general, but to society on board ship peculiarly. It is no very desirable thing to remain several weeks shut up in a vessel with an opponent—to sleep in the same cabin with him; and at every heel of the ship in bad weather, roll about with him on the deck, and fall with your

head in his face, or his in yours. This can be easily avoided on shore; but at sea—Oh, Heaven defend us from the trial!

The cabin company remained for eight or nine days in this disjointed state: at last all the fresh provision was exhausted; for, in the hopes of soon going on shore, a considerable waste took place during the fine weather. The master of the transport, who was, in gentlemanly qualities, an exception to the generality of men in his station, now offered his table to the officers at a moderate charge per week—wine as cheap as it was in Portugal; with the understanding that the allowance of rations should not be drawn, but given to the ship. This relieved in a great measure the whole mess from the unpleasantness of their situation, but did not entirely restore good feeling: all parties spoke occasionally to each other, but they were extremely formal and distant. However, an admirable mess, with good wine, and a jolly gentlemanly host, made things as comfortable as could be expected; and had it not been for the cross-grained nature of the *cockaignee*, the remainder of the voyage would have passed happily;

for although it was often found necessary to dine *à la Turque,* upon the floor, and lash their limbs every night to the births, to keep them from falling out—although the creaking of the bulk-heads, —the thunder of the waves against the ship's side—the half filling of the cabin frequently by a sea, and the eternal southwest wind, were all excessively tormenting; yet there was a hilarity, which arose from this new order of things, under the guidance of the master, that very soon began to reconcile the officers to their fate. But the spirit of discord hovered round the ship, and through the agency of Mr. Dickens, his disciple, turned all comfort once more awry.

The master's cabin was a neat little apartment on one side of the vessel, near to the great cabin, fitted up for officers; and here the party messed. This small room, furnished in a warm and comfortable manner, formed a pleasing contrast to the wide cold cabin of the officers, stripped of every thing (which is technically called by the transport board, "fitting up"). except a huge deal table, a few oak chairs, and births on each side, made of half-planed deal. Lieutenant Dickens, who was

very fond of playing a handsome flageolet, to the great annoyance of all on board who had "music in their souls," when the ship was on the starboard tack and heeling much on one side, would fix himself all day in the seat which was next the vessel's planks; for the deck was too raw —too cold—too sailorish for his nerves to bear. In this seat he would tongue over and over such tunes as "*Malbrooke*," and "*Away with Melancholy*," as if he were teaching a bulfinch to pipe—bar after bar, until the man at the helm above him was ear-cracked by the monotonous sounds. One day, it so happened, that Mr. Dickens did not remain in this lee-seat after breakfast, but sat on deck wrapped up in his horse cloak, feeling himself too bilious to remain below. However, he was not so bilious as to remain on deck when dinner was announced: down he went, ready to eat any thing, or any body, that came in his way. Mr. Smith was sitting in the leeward seat, occupied in writing, that being the most steady for the purpose, and in this seat he had sat for the whole of the day. Being intent upon the paper, he did not observe the Dragoon enter the cabin, or per-

haps he would have given up the seat, merely because it was the custom of the other to sit in it at dinner; but as he did not observe the gentleman, he continued to write. At this moment, the cook entered with a tureen of soup, smoking hot, and an unlucky sea having struck the vessel as he was placing it for dinner, away he and the soup went sliding under the table. A quantity of the savoury fluid bedaubed the face and breast of the Dragoon—its warmth tickled him rather unpleasantly, and acting on a bilious cockaignee temperament, produced a petulant attack upon Mr. Smith. He insolently "desired" that gentleman to quit *his* seat. This was received as it should have been: Mr. S. remarked that the table at which they sat was that of the master, and one seat was just the same as another; but that as Mr. D. had demanded it so impertinently, he was determined not to give it up. The Dragoon retorted with great asperity, and, frothing with passion, called Mr. S. an insolent "fellor." Mr. S. (who was only a lad of nineteen) lost his temper, and retorted with warmth, still keeping the seat. The dragoon instantly lodged a blow upon

Mr. S.'s face, which, from the situation of the parties, could not be returned; but the master, who had now come into the cabin, took the Dragoon by the shoulder, and declared that he should not sit at his table after having behaved so outrageously. However, Mr. S., although so much younger than Mr. D., had prudence enough to remain quiet, on account of the master; but firmly resolved to take effectual steps, as soon as they should land, to obtain satisfaction.

The indignation which Mr. Brown felt at this conduct on the part of the Dragoon, was very great, and it increased every moment; but he contented himself with pointedly remarking upon the unfair and unofficer-like act of striking Mr. Smith while in a situation where it was evident he could not defend himself. A week went on in sullen silence between the Dragoon and the other members of the mess. One day, however, Mr. Brown called for a glass of water, which was brought him by the cabin-boy. It was rather muddy; but those who have made long voyages know that water is an article in which sailors must

not be very nice. The Dragoon, as soon as Mr. Brown had swallowed the draught, called for another, and putting it to his nose, uttered the word "beastly" in the most pointed manner; at the same time casting a significant sneer at him who could be so little of a man of *taste*, as to drink such water. Brown, who was a high-minded fellow, that would take an insult from no man, grew red with rage, but said nothing. Dickens went immediately on deck, the gale having slackened a good deal. Brown at last could contain his indignation no longer; he ran upon deck; demanded satisfaction, and was received with insolence. Rage overcame Brown, and he gave the Dragoon, in the sight of his own men, a severe thrashing: it was done quickly, and would have been more severe, but for the prompt and generous interference of Mr. Smith—the man who yet had the mark of the blow upon his face!

This brought the Dragoon's manners into complete subjection: there was no more insolence, but a most determined silence on his part for the remainder of the voyage, which lasted upwards

of a fortnight longer. The weather, however, grew fine for a week before the ship made the rock of Lisbon, and the opponents thus could keep more asunder.

It was clearly understood by all parties, that a meeting would take place as soon as they went on shore; and the Dragoon, in preparation for this, one fine day, when about fifty miles off the Tagus, —the ship quite steady—"paraded" his pistols on deck (a *handsome* pair,) oiled the locks, &c. and fired several shots at a mark! This only smelled of powder: not a grain of courage could have been conjoined with such genuine Cockaigne bravado; as the subsequent conduct of Dickens amply proved. Even on the very night of the day on which he made this display of his pistols, the natural man came out of his fustian case, and undid the doings of the artificial. Thus it was:— About half-past ten at night, as all but Lieutenant Dickens were on deck, enjoying the beauty of the scene, which was glistening with moonlight—the air temperate and serene—the vessel moving steadily, with a fair breeze on her quarter, at about

four knots an hour—the watch and the dragoons lounging about the forecastle and main deck—the officers and the master smoking segars on the quarter-deck—and all particularly happy in the prospect of soon terminating their voyage; even the horses in the hold, appearing to be sensible of the great change from hurricane to calm, neighing playfully, and biting each others' necks, after having, (poor animals!) suffered severely during the voyage, in the course of which several of them had died. Such was the state of things on board, when one of the watch informed the master that a strange sail was bearing down on them. In a few minutes she was within about half a quarter of a mile, and they could see her, like a fairy castle, floating on the moon-bright water. She was a square-rigged ship, as they could plainly see from the outline of the dark mass, which was well thrown out upon the moonlight behind her. The master no longer doubted his danger, and declared that the approaching vessel was a French privateer of eight or ten guns. It was immediately determined to fight in case he attacked them; as there were six-and-thirty

hands on board, including the soldiers, and as they carried four carronades, and had plenty of small arms. For this purpose all the men armed themselves, and were mustered on deck, determined to resist being boarded, and to maintain a running fight.....Can it be credited? the *Commanding-officer*, Lieutenant Dickens, was the only individual who remained below!—he was in bed, and too *bilious* to fight; particularly at such an unseasonable hour: yet it was on this very day that he had wasted his powder in firing at a mark! However, there is no accounting for illness; the bile is a most treacherous enemy.

The strange sail was now within about five hundred yards of the transport, and closing fast upon her: the matches were lighted and the sailors at the guns; the soldiers with the two officers drawn up on the quarter-deck, and armed with cutlasses, carbines, and pistols. She now steadily approached within pistol-shot: her men could be seen moving to and fro on her decks, and the bubbling of the froth at her bow plainly heard: all but the waters were silent; when a

voice from the strange ship hailed in English, "What are you?"—"An Englishman," was the immediate reply, and up went the British colours to the mizen gaff. A broadside was of course expected, or a summons to surrender, when—up went the stranger's colours; and the red cross, transparent in the moonlight, showed at once that the "privateer" was a British ship! Thus terminated all anxiety on both sides; for the same fears and preparations had been felt and made by the stranger, as by the Horse ship. Both continued their course together, and next day entered the mouth of the Tagus.

That beautiful river was now before them, and nothing ruffled the pure delight which the three subalterns felt, but the recollection of the quarrel, and the expectation of its consequences. In two hours they were winding smoothly along the course of the Tagus, all eyes employed in gazing on the romantic scene—the mountains upon each side studded here and there with white convents, whose bells answered each other from hill to hill—the yellow sands glistening along the shore—the blue moun-

tains in the distance—the fertile country ;—on the right the city of the seven hills, white Lisbon, five or six miles in front—the wide bed of the river as far as the eye could reach, bespread with fishing-boats, their peaked sails like so many butterflies gliding along—the covered, Venetian-looking barges, passing and re-passing—the clear sky and the warm sun—all sweetly engaged the attention of the party on board, and made them for a moment forget their hostility.

The ship was now very near the fort or castle of Belem, within a league of Lisbon; when Mr. Smith gave his sword to the soldier who had waited on him during the voyage, and was surprised beyond measure, when the man brought it back, and said that Lieutenant Dickens had ordered him not to clean it. This fresh insult irritated him very much, and he remonstrated warmly with Mr. D. on the subject. In his anger, passing him to go down to his cabin, he pushed the Dragoon officer aside. However, the latter seemed to feel compunction, and seized this opportunity, declaring before the master of the vessel, and the offi-

cers, that he was extremely sorry for the blow he had so intemperately given Mr. Smith, and begged his pardon: but he assured all present, that he was determined on a meeting with Mr. Brown. This apology was treated with silence by Mr. Smith; and the Lieutenant showed but little knowledge of duelling affairs, when he supposed that an apology could have sufficed.

Matters were now brought to a close on board: the ship dropped anchor opposite the Fish-market Quay, when the three subalterns and the master went on shore. Thus ended the rough passage, but the stormy quarrel which began at sea was yet unsettled; and as I have gone so far with the story, I may as well go a little farther.

The party, in proceeding from the ship to the land, were of course disinclined for conversation. Not a word was spoken, until Lieutenant Dickens addressed the master thus—"Have they any hackney-coaches at Lisbon."

"No coaches, but a sort of covered chaises."

"Hah! that will do. We can soon be out of the town. I shall want one this evening."

This evidently alluded to the expected duel.

Nothing more passed, and the officers went to their hotels—Mr. Brown expecting an immediate message, and Mr. Smith preparing to send a friend on his part. But no pistols were in requisition, the *Cockaignee* was no blood-spiller; and to *settle* the matter, concocted charges of mutiny, &c., against Smith and Brown! Both were placed under arrest and tried by court-martial! But such was the opinion of the Commander of the Forces, that on reading the proceedings of the court, he immediately ordered the *Cockaignee himself* to be put in arrest, and tried by court-martial for "*striking* Mr. Smith." The consequence was, that all parties suffered: Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith were cashiered: the sentence passed on the latter was, however, softened down by the opinion of the court, which would have acquitted him, but that the Dragoon *swore* the push given on the deck was a *blow*. Dickens fared worst of all: he was "*dismissed his Majesty's service*," by which he lost the purchase-money of his *two* commissions—Cornetcy and Lieutenantcy. Every officer was thoroughly dis-

gusted at the affair being made the subject of public investigation instead of being referred to the pistol; and the service was much injured by the detention of field-officers from their regiments, to sit in court-martials about such a matter. The Dragoon felt that he was despised for the step he had taken, and showed his sense of it by attempting suicide. Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown returned to England, and were *reinstated* in their former commissions. The Dragoon, after some years, was permitted to *re-purchase* a *cornetcy*; and once more sported his *white feather* in the army.

Thus, by the mere accident of meeting this weak and arrogant officer—or, to go farther into causes, by the roguery of a boatman,—a train of most serious and disagreeable consequences was produced to two young and inexperienced men; first, a five weeks' bill at a Portsmouth hotel; second, a six weeks' gale of wind, with a cat-and-dog party; third, a court-martial, and loss of commission; fourth, an unexpected return to England; and lastly, the

rugged hill of promotion to attempt anew under unfavourable circumstances! Let this and all this be recollected by every young officer. It is no story of invention; these are facts registered in the Judge-Advocate-General's office, and therefore form a good practical lesson.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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